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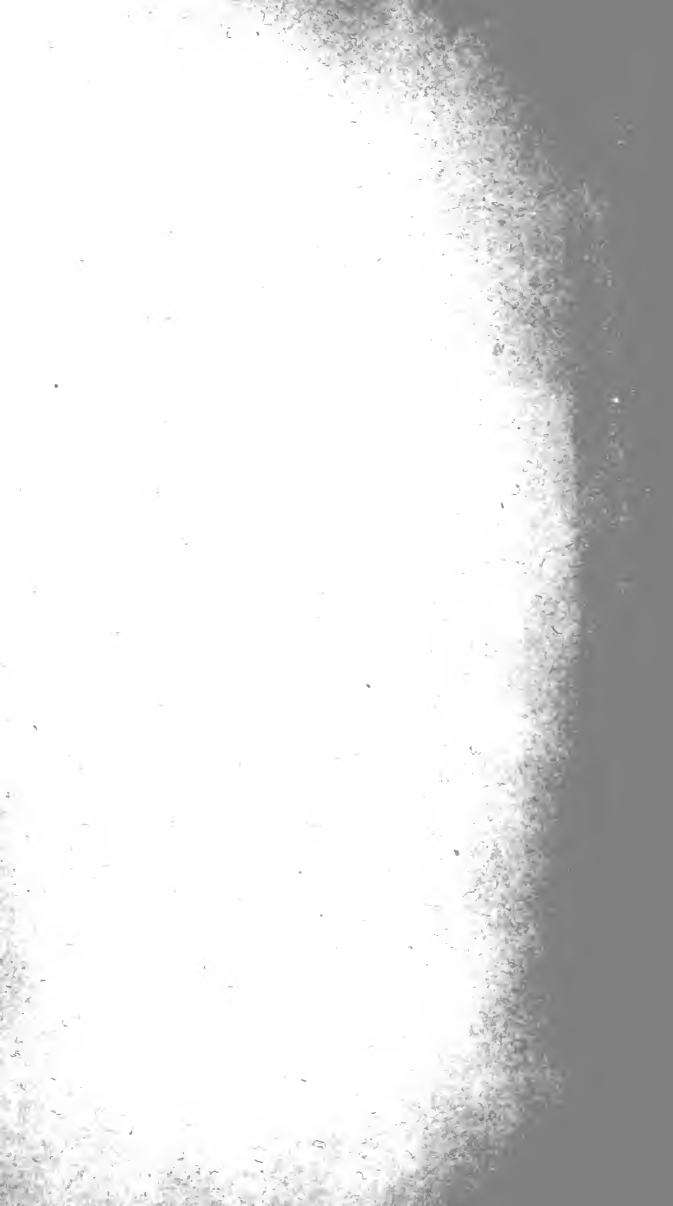
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GRACE

Filling an Earthen Vessel

WITH GLORY:

OR,

LETTERS OF

Mrs RACHEL W. GREEN.

"The GLORY which Thou gavest ME, I have given THEM."

JOHN xvii. 22.

"Unto you it is GIVEN in the behalf of Christ NOT ONLY TO BELIEVE
on Him, BUT ALSO TO SUFFER for His sake."—PHIL. i. 29.

EDITED BY

William
W. R. CARROLL,

ASSISTANT MINISTER, ST. PAUL'S, PHILA.



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TO

The Church of God;

“ELECT according to the foreknowledge of God *the*
Father, through sanctification of *the Spirit*,
unto obedience and sprinkling of
the blood of JESUS;”

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS

DEDICATED.

“*He will ever be mindful of his Covenant.*”

PSALM cxi. 5.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Bible contains many precious, and wonderful records of God's dealings with His people. Their sins and infirmities, their doubts and fears, are there set forth as so many warnings; their trials and difficulties, and the wonderful manner in which they were sustained *under*, or delivered *out* of them, are recorded for the encouragement of all Christians. All this was designed to testify to the *Covenant faithfulness* of the Lord our God.

The value of such memorials to those who are still in the wilderness is very great.

It is with a like design that the following letters are published. The only object aimed at, is that God may be glorified, and His Church edified. I am sure that no Christian can read this memorial of a de-

parted saint, without receiving instruction, encouragement, and support. Its perusal will tend not only to "strengthen those who stand, and comfort the weak-hearted," but will also demonstrate what abundant and ready help there is *in Jesus*, for all those who may be in tribulation or distress.

When we consider that the following letters were written by a poor sewing-girl, totally devoid of education, and then mark the extraordinary depth of Christian experience, the exalted piety and unswerving faith, which they exhibit; we cannot but admire, and bless God for the grace by which she was taught. These letters run through a period of *ten years*, and though some are incomplete; sufficient has been preserved to reveal a character of no ordinary strength. We are led to think, as we read, what *might* have been, had God in his sovereign disposal of all things, seen fit to bestow upon his child, those earthly advantages of society, and education, which serve to train the mind. And yet, "Just as in jewelry, men reject the massive mounting, and cumbrous ornamentation, which hide and disfigure *the Gem*, and choose

rather the most simple, and plain setting which gives prominency to the diamond rather than to that which encloses it:—so in setting the jewel of his grace, God leads us ever to look away from the form, and fashion of the earthen vessel to the treasure it is privileged to contain.”

In the case of this poor girl, the plainness of the casket, only renders brighter the brilliant enshrined there. And we are ready to exclaim at the close of each letter, “Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?”

No material alteration has been made in these letters in preparing them for the press. The *first two* are given without any correction whatever, for the purpose of showing how little Rachel Green was indebted to educational training. The remaining letters have been corrected *in the spelling*, and a few sentences which were mere repetitions have been omitted. This is all that has been done in the way of alteration.

A few notes have been added calling at-

tention to the force and accuracy of her expressions of faith and hope.

When these letters were first received, the beauty and force of expression, the depth of Christian experience which they exhibited, combined with the orthographical errors, and the known condition of the writer; raised doubts as to their being the original productions of Rachel Green. And lest the same feeling should arise in the mind of any who may read them, we herewith publish an extract from a letter of a well-known and worthy fellow-citizen, attesting their authenticity, to which the reader's attention is called. He ever remained a firm friend of the poor sufferer, and she often alludes to him in her letters.

We are sorry that we are not at liberty to publish in full the name of this gentleman.

These letters would have been published nine months ago, but for an intimation then given that the author of the extract just alluded to, was in possession of a number of letters, &c., and designed publishing them for the benefit of Rachel's family. However, on mature consideration, and now with

the approbation of that gentleman, it is judged best to publish these fragments, in all their simplicity, just as they came from Rachel's pen. They may become in the hand of our God productive of much comfort and consolation to his people. We know they need all the consolation and encouragement they can get. We feel sure they cannot interfere with any larger and more elaborate history which may hereafter appear.

It is to be regretted that so few particulars of her early life and history have been preserved. The biographical sketch is necessarily very brief. And yet we feel that if she could now bend down from her happy home, she would say, "Let no praise of man be carved upon my tomb; let the only record of me be, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*; of whom *I am chief*.'" "

I believe this little book may be read with profit by ministers, Sunday-school teachers, the more advanced scholars, and all private Christians, especially those in affliction; and considering, as I do, these letters to be a

most valuable, and precious testimony to the grace, love and faithfulness of Jesus; I cannot but thank God, who has, by means of Christian charity, (love,) on the one hand, and gratitude on the other, brought to light this glorious example of the triumph of our common faith. And I do believe that if there were more of *this practical communion of saints*; the Church at large would be permitted to see more of the glory of God than it now enjoys.

Praying the Lord to use these letters for the purpose of glorifying the name of his Son Jesus; let us all heartily join in these beautiful and appropriate words, "We also bless Thy holy name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith, and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace, so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom. Grant this, Oh Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen!

W. R. C.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. —'S LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 29, 1850.

DEAR MADAM:

* * * * * When I took the liberty of calling on you last summer in relation to the case of Rachel the daughter of Catherine Cope, it was with the view of obtaining some information about her.

The circumstances of her case were so strange that I felt a little apprehension that all might not be as it seemed from her letters, and what I heard from a person who knew her in Baltimore. I have taken every means to search out the particulars, regarding her character and condition. I find to my entire satisfaction that every thing is true, while my heart is pained to think that so much as relates to her sufferings and penury is true. A medical gentleman has been attending her for the past six months with great kindness and liberality; and letters which I receive from him as well as from a gentleman who has visited Rachel at my request, lead me to understand, that while there is every thing estimable in the

character of the woman, her condition is one of great suffering and extreme want, and that her sufferings, and the disease under which she is manifesting a wonderful spirit of resignation, are much aggravated, by the necessity under which she lies of working both by day and night.

* * * * * I have no hesitation in saying that her letters contain the most extraordinary exhibitions of humility, and elevated piety, of elegance of expression, and powerful thought, that I have met with *during a period of more than twenty-five years' reading* as one of the Committee of Publication of the Sunday-School Union. In fact, I do not know, where they are to be equaled, but in the writings of the most distinguished authors of the last century; and such is the opinion of gentlemen of the highest literary character in this city

To permit such a person to suffer from the want of what is essential to life cannot be, and I have only waited to be satisfied that there was no deception in the case. * *

Your ob't servant,

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE design of this sketch is to present the following letters in an intelligible aspect to the general reader. It is of necessity very brief, but it is just as well that it should be so; for we do not care to make "the vessel" too prominent. Our desire is rather, to call attention to *Jesus*, and *his grace*, of which it was privileged to receive so abundantly.

Some thirty years ago, or thereabouts, when the subject of this sketch was a mere child, she lived in Philadelphia with her mother Catherine Cope, who was employed in one or two respectable families as a kind of under servant. It is interesting to know, that during this time Rachel received some Sunday-school instruction, although we cannot point to any truth imparted there, as being instrumental in her subsequent conversion. It appears from what

we can learn of her at this period, that there was nothing remarkable about her as a child. She seemed on the contrary to be rather uninteresting, and of a peevish disposition. Her mother removed to Baltimore while Rachel was yet quite young, and followed the business of a huckster in the market of that city. Poor, ignorant, and uneducated herself, she permitted her child to grow up totally uncared for in this respect, and having no thought for God: Rachel was, as might be expected, left in total darkness with regard to the knowledge of Him, and his ways. But, the Shepherd was watching over this "lost sheep," and it is very interesting to note how she was "returned" or brought back to Him who is the Bishop, and Shepherd of souls.

At a suitable age, she seems to have helped to support herself, and her mother, by sewing in some Roman Catholic families in Baltimore. In a letter giving a brief account of her conversion, she says, "From a child I had a desire to be a member of some Church, not for the benefit I expected to derive from its services, but because I thought it respectable to be a church mem-

ber. At an early age, I became acquainted with some Roman Catholic families. These seemed to suit my proud heart, for among them I could mix in, conform to, and partake of the world as much as I chose. I soon became a full member of that Church, and a dupe to all the idolatry connected with it. I grew one of the most bigoted, superstitious, persecuting creatures. As for charity, I had none, nor did I want any except for Catholics."

So devoted did she become, and obedient to the commands of the Priest, that she was distinguished by being "anointed" in the Cathedral of Baltimore, and was placed under the *patronage* and *protection* of St. Rebecca!

Somewhere about this time she was married to a man named Green. Here also she was destined to taste the cup of sorrow, for her husband proved worthless, and soon deserted her. But, the time was approaching when her Maker was to be her husband, and her Redeemer, her patron, and her friend. She was emphatically chosen in the furnace of affliction, yet, even when the fire was hottest, and the billows most boisterous,

she ever found that He had a hand "*mighty to save*," as her letters abundantly testify.

It was New Year's Eve, 1843, when she and some young Roman Catholic friends entered a Methodist prayer-meeting in Baltimore, for the purpose, as she says, of "making game," and endeavouring to induce young people to join the Roman Church. She saw these Christians kneel in prayer, and whilst upon her knees with them, the following thoughts passed through her mind. "These people pray to God himself, pleading the merits of '*Jesus only*.' Why do they not first address the Virgin Mary, through her Christ, and through him God? They seem to believe God will hear them. Perhaps they are right. If so, then I am wrong." She left that prayer-meeting, restless and disturbed in soul, for God's Spirit had laid his hand upon her; and for one long month suffered much and sore anguish of mind. Towards the end of that time she found peace and joy in believing, having counted the cost, and determined to suffer persecution, if need be, for her Saviour. Speaking of the Bible at this period of her history she says, "Like all

other Catholics, I knew nothing of its blessed contents. Had I any one to direct me to the Book of all books, I would soon have learned the cause of my distress."

Eight months after her conversion she became unable to walk, and was bedridden. From this point commences her long and hard, but profitable course of study in the school of Christ. Her sickness extended through a period of *fifteen years*. She was laid on her bed eight months after her conversion, and for five years suffered more or less, according as her diseases became more and more complicated, before her condition and wants were made known to her friends.

She was afflicted with cancer of the stomach, enlargement of the heart, and paralysis of the lower extremities, and must have suffered most intense and excruciating pain.

It was at the end of these first five or six years of suffering, and about the opening of the year 1850, that her case came to the knowledge of her own and her mother's early friends and benefactors in Philadelphia, and that she commenced to write these letters. As soon as it was ascertained that there was no deception in the case, and

that all was just as had been represented, she received constant and regular assistance.

How sweet to such, even to all who were permitted to have even the least part in alleviating the sufferings, and supplying the wants of this child of God, must the assurance be, "Inasmuch as ye did it to *one of the least* of these my brethren, ye did it unto *Me*."

God is a sovereign. He acts, orders, and permits, and gives no account of his matters; but he does *all* things *well*. The minds and gifts of his children are very various, in order doubtless that his manifold wisdom thus exhibited, may be seen as light is when decomposed by passing through a transparent medium, in something of its varied and wondrous beauty. We know that God "created all things by Jesus Christ, to the intent that now unto principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known *by the Church* the manifold wisdom of God."

He saw fit to give to this poor girl a mind of no common order, but withheld the education necessary to develope it in this stage of being. Doubtless it will be lus-

trous with glory hereafter. In proof that Rachel's was a fine mind, I need but refer to her letters. And here it is worth while to mention this fact: it was after she had been on a sick bed that she learned to write. Pen, ink, and paper, with a dictionary, were furnished by one of her kind Christian visitors, and it was thus she learned to *spell out*, with many mistakes, her eloquent letters. But, "it is written, *they shall be all taught of God.*"

She continued writing to her kind friend in Philadelphia for ten long years, and when she had passed away, having laid aside the pen, and sorrow, and suffering, for the harp, and the golden crown, and the joy of her Lord, it was thought well to publish these letters. It will be seen from them, how gradually her disease, or rather complication of diseases, destroyed her mortal body; and also how wonderfully she was sustained.

The letters Nos. vii., x., and xiv., are very remarkable, and deserve attention; indeed all are worthy of it. It is very seldom that we meet with such an exhibition of faith and resignation to the will of God.

She died early in the year 1859. Her last letter is dated January 1st of that year. Enclosed in it was a slip of paper, on which was written, "*Good-bye ; I am going home.*" Doubtless they were words of joy to her ; for she *knew* in whom she had believed, and had tested his faithfulness in many a dark and stormy hour. *Going home ! Aye, blessed thought !—going to enjoy the covenant ordered in all things, and sure—going to take possession of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away—going to a kingdom, and places prepared from the foundation of the world—going to sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb—going to meet brethren and sisters, and make up one of God's great family—going to hear, "Come, ye blessed children !"—going to see Jesus, as he is—going to be ever with the Lord !*

Yes, *this* is to go home !

"Lord, I would be near thee—with thee where thou art. Thine own word hath said it, 'It is better to depart ;' There to serve thee better, there to love thee more, With thy *ransomed* people to worship and adore. Ever to thy presence thou dost call thine own—Here thou art with them always—they are never left alone,

But there to *see* thy glory!—thy wondrous love to
know;

Loose, Lord, the cords that chain me—loose, and let
me go!"

Oh God! we pray thee "shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom." And grant that we, and all thy people, may live and die in the "blessed hope," and prospect of "going home." Grant it, Lord, for Jesus' sake! Amen!

W. R. C.

LETTERS OF RACHEL W. GREEN.

[UNCORRECTED.]

LETTER I.

Baltimore, January 2d, 1849.

Dear Madam The physician begins this day to put me under a regular corse of physick. I can and do but trust in God, he will order all right. mye mother is very ancious to hear from you. she thinks you must be sick. if it is not too much truble and you are able, a few lines would bee verye thankfully Received bye us. since began to write this 2 lardge absesses has bursted. one near mye heart the other in mye side. I thought mye Releas had come,*

* It will be seen from the next letter, that *at this time* she had been suffering for five years. Her release, as she calls it, was *ten long* years before her. And although she had to wait midst very uncommon suffering her Lord's time, still she found it to be good to wait. It may be set down as an axiom in the Christian's experience, that *waiting time*, although it may be a hard time, is always *a profitable time*.

but it is gods will for me to suffer longer. Amen. not mye will but thine bee done. maye mye sufferings bee sanctified to mye good and the glory of God.

Dr Metcalf is tending me through the grate kindness of Mr. —. he says he never saw one person afflicted with so many different deseases at once. he sayes it is the most distressing case he ever seen. with mye bad spells he gives more speedye Releaf than anye physician that I ever had, though as yet he has no hope that he can do anye thing for me more than tempoarye Releaf. he seems fearful to do scarselye anye thing, for he sayes what would do good in one deseas might kill me with the other. I seem to think he will do me more good than he antisapates though he tells me he cannot give the smallest hope. Is not Mr. — very kind to interest himself in behalf of so poor a girl. god will Reward him. I can but pray for mye kind benefactores, and this will I do while life or Reison last. Dear lady I fear you will not like mye saying so much. if I had more knowledge and better education I could then convaye my meaning without saying

half so much, but as it is I must say a
 gratefull to conveye little meaning. you
 will I hope excuse mye freedom of speach.
 I love to speak of things conserning mye
 soules wellfare and foreget that I am not
 writeing to mye equals in station. please
 make allowance for mye ignarance. to
 speake truth I am most ashaamed to write,
 for I have no learning whilst you have
 much and cannot help but see errars that
 another would not, but what the lord gives
 me to saye that I write in all sincerity and
 simplisitye of heart. I send this by Mr.
 H. we sincearlye hope that you are in
 good helth. my love to you and yourse

I am dear Maddam

your humble servant

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER II.

[UNCORRECTED.]

Baltimore. June 28, 1849.

Dear Madam I fear you think me verye
 ungrateful for not acknowleging your most
 jenerous guift at an earlier time, but the

causes are as follows. hearing from mother that one of the young ladys laye verye ill I thought it best to wait until the famlye became settled. the next since I have been so verye ill myself. for some length of time I did not know even my Mother. and I now offer you the thankful acknowledgments of a grateful heart for your kind favor bestowed on me. it has pleased the grate head of the church to afflict me deeplie; and why dose he do so. because he delights in suffering. no. oh no. because it is beest for me to suffer. he alone knows what is good for us. the will of the lord be done in me is all I. desire. he deals most kindly to wards me. indeed his love and tendirness to wards me very far exceeds mye suffering. I desirve a much harder fate. truly if I had but my own Rightousness to Recommend me to the favour of god I might well dispare of ever entering that rest wich Remains for the peple of god. but thanks be to him who gave his only begoten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life, I have an divine intersessor who ever pleads for me at gods Right hand. he alone

is my worthyness my Rightousness my all and in All. I can but cast myself at the foot of the cross and there plead his merits. thank god I have this privileg. some saye to me, you trye to love and sirve god, whye dose he cause you to suffer so much. dose he not saye whome I love I chesen and scourgeth everye son (or daughter) whome he Reciveth, and what are these light afflictions compared to the glory wich shall bee Reveled in us. and others again saye to me (and I am sorrye to saye those who profess to be christians) if he see good to afflict your bodye, why cause you to suffer so much more bye warking. whye dose he not provide for you in some other waye. I tremble when thye speak thus. who are we that we should Reason with the almighty. is he not the grate *I Am*. I thank my heavenlye father that he has not taken away the use of my hands, with that of my feet, though at times at short itervals mye Right hand seems to be quite dead. I have now been confined to the bed near five years. *4 years I have not stood on my feet. this is the lords doings* and to manye it is marvalous in their eyes. thaye do not seem

to Remembir that god is to wise to err and to good to be unkind.* I thank him that I am willing to suffer all his Rightous will. grace has done much for me. thank god he ceeps from me a spirit of Repineing. it is all the lord; bless his name I can look foward in the full assurance of faith to that rest wich is Reserved for the children of god. I am but a pilgrim I seek a citye whose bilder and maker is god. all that I desire is that these sufferings maye be sanctified to the good of my soul, the glory of god and the benefitt of his saints, of whose number, by his grace I hope to be, and finely through the merits of Christ be admitted into his kingdom of everlasting Rest. for many weeks I have not been able to wark. this goes hard with me and my heavenly father only knows when I will be able to do anye thing. do something I must trye when I possably can, for my Dear Mother is not able to suport me. if at any leasure time you will honnor me with a few lines I would be very thankful.

* It is evident that Rachel had learned *by heart*, Phil. i. 29.

please excuse my bad writing, as I have to write laing dwon. I hope you will make everye allowance for mye verye limited education. with mye thanks I subscribe myeself your thankful and humble

survent

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER III.

Baltimore, Nov. 6, 1850.

Dear Lady:—I must apologize to you for not having written sooner. I can assure you that it has not been wilful neglect; but inability to do as I very much desired, and you justly deserved.

I cannot describe how much I suffer. It is known only to my Heavenly Father. I hope you will excuse the dull strain in which I write; my mind has been much depressed for some days, and I must say that I write more from duty than pleasure. Satan has not forgotten that I am weak. He is not yet willing to give me up; but “desires to have me, that he may sift me as wheat.”

Thank God, the waves have not yet gone over my head! Hitherto my Saviour has defended me from the merited billows of divine wrath. Though I have much to try and perplex me, besides my affliction, I believe all is ordered by an unerring Providence, and I have no desire but that the will of God may be perfected in me. What saith Christ? "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world." This should be enough to make us bear all things joyfully: but, alas, it is not so with me! I seem to mourn over those things which I should leave with Him who has hitherto cared for me; and I act so inconsistently, that I am a mystery to myself. I ask God to give me a sight of my imperfections; but when he does so, it presses me down to the earth; and were it not for the view I get of *the atonement*,* I should sink beneath my load

* Truly there is no teacher like God the Holy Ghost. Doubtless this poor girl, if asked, could not have given a critical definition of the word atonement, (*i. e.*, a *covering*, and that *for sin*,) and yet she had the experience of it. "In the Hebrew it literally signifies '*covering*,' and not such a covering as if we

of impurity. Unworthy as I am, God is continually loading me with favors, and his goodness is ever passing before me. I often fear that my soul may be left in darkness, and I to the will of mine enemy. At times Satan appears to be let loose in all the power of his temptation, and assaults while I am ready to faint, and say with the Psalmist, "Is his mercy clean gone forever?" But, shall I repine at God's will? God forbid! I mourn my unfaithfulness. My will he made—shall he not give laws to his creature? Did he make my

were to take a material thing, and spread it over any thing, in order to hide it from our view. You remember that when Noah was told to make the ark, he was commanded to 'pitch it within and without with pitch.' He was to cover it with a bituminous substance, which was to keep out the weather and the water. Now this is the very same word—it signifies such a covering as shall be *adhesive*. This is the atonement for the sinner, the covering for his sin. From the root of this word, the word 'mercy-seat' is derived. That mercy-seat which was to cover the law; that mercy-seat where God said he would meet with His redeemed, His accepted, His reconciled people. This is the idea of the Atonement. The covering by Atonement is that which *we have in Christ*. It is such a covering as shall *never be taken off*."

hand to strike at himself? My tongue to speak, or my will to rebel against him? I am a *dependent* creature—in Him I live and move and have my being! I am an *expectant* creature—Is the way to obtain my will of Him, to deny the homage of my will to Him? I am a *sinful* creature—have I not guilt enough already, that I should swell the account by murmuring against his all-wise providence. I am an *accountable* creature—he is my Judge. I am a *recoverable* creature—he is my Saviour. Shall I, then, be angry with any of his methods toward making these things concur in my salvation?

To be redeemed from the tyranny of my own will and appetite, is no small part of my redemption by Christ. Did he give *himself* up to death for me, and shall I think it too much to give *my will* up to him? Shall I, *the redeemed from thralldom*, dispute the orders of my *Redeemer*? Shall I, the *servant*, dispute the will of my *Master*? Or I, the *subject*, say to my *King*, what doest thou? Rather let me say, “What wilt thou have me to do, or suffer?” Can I be his friend upon any

other terms, than by doing whatsoever he commands me? And if I go to Him, as a child to his father, must I not add, *thy will be done?* Whether we submit to his will, or not, his “counsel *shall* stand.” If it be an act of homage, I have a reward, or my submission has; but if it be merely because I cannot help it, I have only sorrow for my pains. Blessed be my Head, Christ, I have no desire to murmur at his will! Oh no! *I love to suffer,** (only the child of God can understand this,) because I know it is the will of God, and that he sends it in much love for my particular good, and perhaps for that of others. Every pain is really needful, and great as my afflictions are, they are not so great as my sins, nor such as I deserve. I am undone of myself; but Jesus lives—he is my Advocate with the Father; He is worthy. When I read that he himself said, “I come to do thy will, oh

* Rom. v. iii. It is a most blessed and exalted state of experience when we can say this. This is set down as one of our *covenant privileges*. And we can easily understand how tribulation becomes a privilege, and that in which we glory, by meditating on 2 Cor. xii. 9.

God!" *Who or what am I*, that I should speak any other language? His infinite perfections—what language do they speak? He is infinitely wise, and cannot err: infinitely powerful, and cannot be resisted: infinitely holy, and cannot behold iniquity without abhorrence: infinitely good, and cannot do wrong: infinitely true, and cannot falsify his word. To his will all the world complies: why then should not I? If there were no Providence, we should want one of the best antidotes against the fear of what is to come, and sorrow for what is past; then, (as Bishop Patrick observes,) all the care would be on us; and surely, it would be too much for us:* but when we think of infinite wisdom, as well as infinite power governing all things, we need not be in trouble, as if ourselves or chance had the government. Some have persuaded

* It is beautiful to trace the Spirit's teaching in this child of God. Here she touches on the blessed truth of the *responsibility of Christ* for the welfare of his people. "Other sheep I have which *are not of this fold*. Them also *I must bring*," &c. The Christian who fails to recognize Jesus as "*The responsible One*," necessarily suffers often from discomfort.

themselves that it is in vain to be troubled, since things *must be*; but it is cold comfort, to be content from *mere necessity*: that was what the heathen comforters afforded. Thank God, we have something better! The world is not governed merely by the will of God, but also by his goodness and wisdom. He disposes of all things, not only as an absolute lord, that we may be sensible of his power, but also as a loving father, that we may feel his goodness. I am (as well I may be) ashamed of distrusting for the future. Oh! why do I suffer the enemy to depress me thus? Why do I suffer temporal things to distress me? I do not wish to murmur, and I am willing to wait God's will; and yet, I am often so depressed that my body sinks, and one day's anxiety causes me the keenest suffering for a week or more. Thank God! I do not know that at any time for the *last three years and a half*, my own will has had the pre-eminence.* It will at times strive for

* 1 Thess. v. 23, 24. How clearly does this expression show that this text was being fulfilled in Rachel's case. Blessed experience!

the mastery ; but by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I can gladly lay it aside, and let that of God take its place. If I were governed by my own will, it would ruin me, for it is perverse, sensual and devilish ; but when I know that I am governed by Him who cannot err, then welcome the cross, since Jesus bears the heaviest part. I could not bear it alone. Oh how deep the waters have been for the past two weeks ! Even now, were I to make *feeling* a criterion to go by, I would conclude that I had no part nor lot in the matter, no interest in a Saviour's blood : but religion is a *principle** planted in the soul ; and I believe that if I am faithful, God will do as he has often done before—cause these dark and lowering clouds to burst in blessings on my head. If it is the will of God that I shall always grope my way, without one ray of light to cheer my pathway, I believe I can

* Very true. Dr. Chalmers called it the expulsive power of a new affection, or principle. It is more. It is the participation of the *communicable life of God*, and which makes the regenerated sinner a more dignified creature than an angel. Compare John x. 28 ; 1 John i. 1-3 ; Gal. ii. 20 ; 2 Pet. i. 4.

say, "Amen, so be it! It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth to him good. All things shall work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose:" but if my mind should be depressed as it has been for some days, I do not think that I could live six months; so deep a hold does any thing like anxiety take of me. Satan has scarcely been absent for one moment from my mind for the past two weeks. He is always suggesting, accusing or tempting me. If he cannot cause me to sin, he strives to make me unhappy: and I must confess that he often succeeds in rendering me really miserable. Oh! when shall I learn to be wise? The Lord upholds me; or I should long since have fallen, to rise no more. Please remember me at the throne of grace. "God is love."

Will you thank the Misses W——, who remembered me in their charities? They were very kind; and with a full heart I thank both them and yourself for your kindness. May Almighty God bless and reward you all! I cannot find words to express myself to Mr. —— for his interest in me: I refer him to God. I have but

one way of doing any thing in return for what I receive,—I can only offer you all up at the throne of grace.

I never suffered such constant or severe pain as now. The whole trunk of my body is in one continual agony. In the last ten days, I have had *one hundred and ten different places burnt in my back with a red hot iron*; and my stomach is very large with the return of water, which the doctor says increases much.

I cannot tell what my Lord intends to do with me, *nor does it give me much concern*; so that I may glorify him, suffer all his blessed will, and at last gain admittance into his kingdom.

Please remember me to Mr. J. P. W. We will be most happy to receive a line at your leisure. I fear there is some part of this writing that you will not be able to read, particularly the latter part of the second sheet. As it is, *I have been since Wednesday at it*; and it is now THREE O'CLOCK FRIDAY MORNING. I am obliged to sit in my chair every night until this time; sometimes getting a few hours' sleep, and often none. I suffer much in lying down, —

for I am very tender and sore, and my bed is not very soft. I sometimes sit in my chair with pillows; but this, too, hurts me. It can't be helped, however.

With many, very many thanks again, for your kindness, I subscribe myself

Your humble servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER IV.

Baltimore, March 9, 1852.

My dear Friend:—Once more, by the mercy of God, I am privileged to write you a few lines, hoping that yourself and family are well.

It is impossible for me to say what my sufferings are. I often think that I cannot stand them much longer. This is not a *question of impatience*; for I am willing to suffer *all* that God sees best, and *as long* as he sees best; but it really seems strange that I can undergo so much. I have not the *shadow* of a doubt, God has a wise end in view, and means all for blessing. If it is not, it will be *my* fault, and not my

Lord's. My mind is as prostrate as my body. A stupid languor pervades all my powers; and I have had much to contend with from my secret enemy, who "desires to have me, that he may sift me as wheat;" but Jesus has prayed that my faith fail not; and if he protects, none can harm me. Though I am depressed and languid, my trust is in God. He has done and suffered much for me, and is not ashamed to say, "I spilt my blood for thee."

It grieves me to think how unfaithful I have been; how little I have improved my privileges, and done for him, who has done so much for me. What poor use I have made of his kind corrections; yet in all how does his goodness close me round!

It is his *goodness** that overwhelms me, and sinks my soul in the dust of shame. Oh! what love is extended to sinful man,

* Ezra ix. 6, &c. Yes, it is the experience of every Christian heart, who *knows* the *ways* of the Lord. They need not fear or be ashamed for sins, the blood has washed *them* all away. But the *goodness* of our God—unceasing, exhaustless, abounding as it is—this it is which overwhelms the Christian with amazement. knowing as he does how inadequately he appreciates it.

that we should dare anticipate a home in heaven!

“There is a heaven above the skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies :
A heaven, I sometimes hope to see,
Yet often fear 'tis not for me.”

But why should I fear, while I have God's word for it? My great desire is to live to his glory. I *am not so anxious about dying, as living*; for if I live aright, God will not forsake me in death. We are too apt to consider the Almighty as a God of *power* only, and forget his *love, kindness, and compassion*. I believe that if the character of Christ was more considered, that Christians would get along better; for we would see so much excellence and beauty in Him, that our whole aim would be to imitate him. It grieves me, that I am so little like that blessed Saviour whose name I bear; and I often ask myself, What do I serve God for? Is it that I fear hell, or that I expect God to reward my services? Why do I desire to be like him? Is it because he has said, without holiness I cannot see his face? No, blessed be the Lord,

I serve him because I love his ways ; and because I love him, do I desire to be like him. I have often thought that even if there was no heaven in view, I would still love and serve the Lord : every thing that leads to him is dear to me. Oh ! that I might, with Mary, sit at his feet and learn of him. Blessed privilege, to trust him at all times, and pour into his willing ear our complaints and sorrows, finding a heavenly balm for every wound ! I have ever found the Lord to be a “very present help in every time of need.” Praise his name ! the time is fast approaching when you and I will be safely housed with him in glory : then how small, how a *mere nothing*, will all our trials appear ; and how we shall wonder that we ever distrusted Him, or were so careless in securing such bliss. It is for Jesus’ sake God bears with us. He was *undefiled* in every part : I am *defiled* in every part. But he knows what poor, weak creatures we are, and “ever liveth to make intercession for us.” His precious blood atoned for *all* our guilt. Oh, for grace always, to trust the mercy of God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ !

I trust, dear madam, that your soul is prospering—daily growing up *into Christ*, who is your living Head, your place of repose, your rock of defence, your life, and your crown of rejoicing. May you be lost in love, glorifying your God below, that you may praise him in heaven!

“Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigour arise;
And press to our permanent place in the skies.
Of heavenly birth, though wandering on earth,
This is not our place;
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.”

I thank you for the kind regard you manifest for my mother. She is much better, and sends her love to you and the family.
* * * * I have been troubled a good deal for some days past. My sister has had part of the house with us since her marriage. This made a low rent of five dollars and a half per month; but she is now going to herself, and I do not know how I can get along—rents are so high, and small houses scarce. Mother cannot do much; and when she is able to go out, I cannot be left alone. I know God will provide a way for me; still, I cannot help feeling worried about it.

Please remember me to your kind brother, and the Misses W——. I should, if convenient, like to hear from you before the first of May, as we then expect to move. If I live, I will write soon again.

With many thanks for your kindness, I subscribe myself,

Your humble, but thankful servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER V.

Baltimore. April 21, 1852.

My dear Friend:—Again I take up my pen to write you a few lines. The goodness of the Lord still follows me; yet my mind is quite depressed, and I have need to exercise strong faith. Surely I have had full proof of God's faithfulness and care. He comforts my soul, and suffers not mine enemy to get the advantage; and I have good hope of a *safe entrance into the city*. Our journey home is made more pleasant and comfortable, by reason of the admirable provisions that are laid up for us by the way; and *all at free cost*. We are *feasted*

all the day long, and brought into the banqueting-house, where we are made to feel that nothing is wanting to complete our happiness, except glory itself. * * * Since my sickness, I have been brought several times so under the power of God, that it seemed as if I must die. I had no excited feelings; for it happened either when I was alone, or when some one had been praying with me. I have been for one or two hours in such a cold, senseless state, that some persons thought I was dead. I think it was owing to the weakness of my nervous system, for my body felt the effects for some days afterwards. I cannot say that I crave this, although many of my Methodist friends judge of their spiritual state by similar feelings. I believe that much of it is *mere animal excitement*.

May the Lord ever keep me at the foot of the cross—make me know my character as a sinner, and Christ as a Saviour. May I mourn, because sin, the cause of evil, dwells in me, and yet rejoice that Christ is in me, the hope of glory. This is the riches of the glory of God's mystery made known in the Gospel, and enjoyed by faith

—this is the victory that overcometh the world; even our faith. It is not of *our own begetting*; it is the gift of God. We are ever ready to listen to the suggestions of Satan, forgetting that we rob our souls of their peace, and the Lord of his glory. I often wonder that I ever listened to this enemy of souls; for I never yet found *any benefit from parleying with doubts and fears*. We should ever bear in mind, that however much *we* may change, *God changes not*: his promises are as sure at one time as another. Oh! I blush to think how slow I am to take him at his word, and place implicit confidence in him as my Shepherd and my God. He bears with me, only because “his compassion fails not.” When I look at what he has done for me, both in a spiritual and temporal sense, especially within the last three years, I am made in thankfulness and astonishment to exclaim, “Lord, who or what am I, that thou shouldst deal thus with thy servant? Then he quickly gives me to see that he does all for Jesus’ sake, and not for any deservings of mine.

Praise the Lord! my march is still onward and upward, and the language of my

heart, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee." Christ is indeed a goodly portion. May I be enabled to cleave more closely to him! I believe that he condescends to take up his abode in my heart; and he, who thus comforts and blesses me, shall have the soul he died to win.

"Let the world account me poor;
Having Christ, I want no more."

My mother is not well. She sends her love to you and the family, hoping that you all are well. I am sure that no one more ardently wishes so than myself. Please remember me to the Misses ——. I thank them very much for their kind remembrance of me, and pray that God will reward them, both in this life, and that which is to come. Remember me also to your kind brother.

We have been moved almost a month. It never hurt me to move so much before.

I hope, dear Madam, that I shall hear from you soon. With many thanks, I remain,

Your humble servant and great debtor,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER VI.

Baltimore, July 24, 1852.

My dear Friend:—I take my pen in hand to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter dated the 6th, received the 23d. I thank you very much for letting me hear from you, and also for your bounty.

We were so sure that something was the matter, that mother went to the hotel, to see Mr. W——; but he had gone out, and she was not able to go again. I know that I have no right to expect any thing from any one; and I receive your great kindness only as a *free gift, for Jesus' sake*: and although none know so well as I, how acceptable your generosity is, yet I would love to hear from you at all times, and assure you that it is *yourself* I love. I loved you before you wrote to me, for my mother has always been careful to inspire our hearts with gratitude towards those who had so befriended her. And now, after your kindness to me in my needy, suffering state, surely I do not love you less. You

have been a kind friend to me, and I have no doubt that you will find the truth of the declaration, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

AUGUST 11th.

My letter is long in getting finished. It has been impossible for me to complete it sooner. I have tried, but in vain.

As my bodily sufferings increase, *so* do the consolations of Christ. Religion brings solid comfort to the heart, and precious balm to the wounded spirit. *To know* that I am a child of God, extracts the sting from every suffering: to have the light of His countenance, and be embraced in the arms of His love, is a foretaste of heaven to my soul, and brings eternal rest within my view. With so many precious promises, how can we suffer our hands to hang down, or our hearts to faint? One would think (and with good reason) that the remembrance of God's *unchangeable* character would keep us *always rejoicing*.^{*} Let the

* Phil. iv. 4. Aye: *In the LORD*, not in ourselves,

thought that Christ's eye is *fixed* on us, animate us to follow the example of the woman of Canaan, and trust his mercy, believe in his love, and look for a smile from his gracious countenance, though he may seem to turn away from us. Why do I not at all times, and under all circumstances, trust more implicitly to the *great love* wherewith Christ has loved me? When the mind is gloomy, we are too apt to gaze on the dark cavern within, and pore over our misery; we look at the *body of sin*, instead of Him who "bore our sins in his own body on the tree." Why not always feel, with Micah, "When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me. He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness."

If, instead of looking despondingly at the sin within, we carefully meditated upon

nor any thing wrought in ourselves. God's *character* is the only safe and comfortable spot for the eye of faith to rest on, the only pledge of our safety. *God's character!* The man who does not know God as he has revealed himself *in Christ*, does not know him at all. For, "No man hath seen God at any time: the only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, *he has revealed Him.*"

some passage of our blessed Saviour's history, we should often have reason to exclaim, "God is the Lord, who hath shown me light;" and we would desire more ardently to be bound as a living sacrifice to the horns of the altar, with the cords of gratitude and love.

I am such a poor creature—so ready to doubt; so apt to look *beneath*, when I should look *above*; so ready to judge of my spiritual state by my feelings. Oh! for grace to trust in the Lord *always*. I cannot, as I once could, throw off unpleasant thoughts: a very little thing will sink my spirits, and make me surmise a hundred things for which there is no foundation. I am ashamed; yet it seems impossible to help it. Thank God! I have a hope founded on *Scriptural* grounds, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.

The day is fast approaching when all these trials shall be done away; when faith and hope shall be changed to sight; when I shall rest in the bosom and paradise of God, to come thence no more. * * * * I will soon be obliged again to undergo the dreadful process of moving. We had to

take the first place mother could get, and thought we could make out here; but it is impossible. There is but one room on a floor, about four yards long, and three and a half wide; no cellar, and the yard very small, with the walls ready to fall from dampness. But I so dread moving; it hurts me so much; and then, it costs something to be taken from one place to another—an expense I am very poorly prepared to meet. * * * * *

Remember me to your kind brother, and the Misses W——. I still remain,

Your very humble, but thankful

servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER VII.

Baltimore. Dec. 27, 1852.

My dear, kind Friend:—I expect that you think it time that I had answered your kind letter, and acknowledged your generous gift. We were very thankful to learn that you were well; for my mother places some confidence in dreams, and feared you

were sick, because she had dreamt of you for several nights in succession. How often she wishes she could do as she once could, that she might be your servant while life should last but she cannot stand much now.

I thank you for this fresh token of kindness. You have indeed been kind to me. I feel my unworthiness; but He in whose name, and for whose sake you give, is all-worthy, and will at last say,

“Of me thou hast not been ashamed :
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst it unto me.”

Methinks that these words alone will be considered by you sufficient reward; but this will only be the *beginning* of glory. As you once observed, in a letter to me,—it *must* cause a delightful emotion, to give in the name of Jesus. I often think, how little the worldling knows of the enjoyments of the Christian, even in this life; and here we only have a *foretaste* of bliss. I find nothing wearisome or grievous in the service of God: on the contrary, “his ways are ways of pleasantness, and his paths are

paths of peace." There is nothing here which deserves my joy; nothing like my God. Having taken Christ as our portion, we know that *in Him we receive all things*; and though the *surface* of the soul may be, and often is, agitated by the storms of life, still the *centre* is peaceful. *Christ is there*, saying to the boisterous waves of sorrow, "Peace, be still!" and immediately there is a calm—*such as can only be found in the Crucified*. I think that the children of God are often *unhappy*, when they should be *rejoicing*: at least, it is the case with myself. I look at the past and the present—at my depraved nature, until I feel depraved in every part.* Now, admitting this to be so, to the *utmost extent*, why should I be discouraged? *With the depravity of our nature we have nothing to do*. Christ has made

* There is a great depth of Christian experience here, and it is an uncommon experience. It reminds one of what the good Mr. Cecil once said,—"*You cannot look back without going back*;" meaning, I believe, that when we rake up our past sins and past transgressions, it is impossible not to act them over again in thought. Self-examination, in this view of it, is most likely to be an unprofitable thing. Scriptural self-examination we have in 2 Cor. xiii. 5.

*ample atonement for all.** If he had not, our repinings would avail little. *Just here,* has often been a difficulty with me, and, I doubt not, with many others. I look at the *vileness of Rachel Green, instead of looking at the meritorious person of Jesus of Nazareth.* Christ does not say, look at your vileness, your helplessness, your unfitness for heaven, but “Look unto me, and be ye saved; all the ends of the earth.” When we can *lose sight of self, even our vileness,* and see *nothing but Christ,* we shall be happy. When I look at His loveliness, I have no time to dim my vision with the dark and misty picture of the depravity of my nature, which the enemy of souls would bring before me. Oh! for grace to throw *whatever* may be *self* away, and take up Christ *fully.* Blessed be God! it is our privilege to *abide* in Him. * * * * If

* This grand truth has been beautifully expressed, thus:—

“A meek believer in the name of Jesus,
Through him I feel no terror for my sins.
Vast as they are, they trouble me no more.
Their price is paid in full; and I may call
God whom I’ve outraged, evermore my friend!”

we would only believe that God can make us happy in *Himself*—if we would only trust him, in the exercise of a simple gospel faith—we should rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. If God had said, Perform some painful act, and you shall be saved, how readily would we do it: but, this *simply believing*, taking Him at his word, and trusting Him, *because* of His word, the heart of man turns away from, *through its very simplicity*. Thank God for the *gift of faith*! It is a *precious gift* indeed.

I believe mine is on the *increase*. Although my services are lame, and my progress slow, still I am *advancing*—trying to follow on to know the Lord. I strive daily to gain some new conquest in the name and strength of the Lord my God; but if He does not give the power, what can I do? I have no might of my own. Blessed be his name! all needed help is freely offered. * * * *

Since I last wrote, I have been permitted to enjoy much of my Saviour's presence. He is to my soul, "the fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely."

He makes the rough path smooth, pleasant, and joyous. He makes the meanest hut a palace rich and rare. The poor and unlettered may possess the *true riches*, as well as the scholar or the man of wealth. Blessed be the Lord! the proclamation runs thus: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

If ever a soul enjoyed the presence of the Godhead, I did this afternoon, while at prayer. Oh! it is good to "wait upon God, and pour out our souls before Him." I have had such a view of his goodness to me, a vile sinner, that my whole soul seems drawn out in praise and thanksgiving. "Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, praise his holy name!"

* * * * *

LETTER VIII.

Baltimore, March 10, 1853.

My dear Friend:—Thank God, I am once more permitted to write you a few lines. This has been a severe winter with me, as regards suffering. Oh! none but

God, and myself, knows the pain of this poor body! And yet I live, a burden to others. The trouble I cause to kind friends often makes me wish to die. Deeply do I feel the extent of your kindness, and that of Mr. ——. What can I do in return? only pray for you—which I do with all my heart; and I believe that God will hear and answer my feeble requests. It is a blessed privilege to be permitted to approach the throne of grace, on behalf of those who are kind to us.

God still condescends to comfort my soul; and blessed be his name! I am kept from murmuring thoughts. I feel my rebellious heart often striving for the mastery; and I fear that I grieve the Holy Spirit; but I can say, *by the preventing grace* of God, that I *do not, will not*, partake of sin *willingly** or knowingly. *This is the Lord's doing*. I have nothing, *of myself*, to boast. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

* Romans vii. 20-23. "Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me," etc.

This is a pleasant theme:—

“Oh! for such love, let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break.”

This is a never to be exhausted store, a never to be fathomed depth; and yet it is so little dwelt upon, in conversation among Christians. I am often pained, especially on the Lord's day, when several persons are in my room, to hear them take up *any* subject, rather than religion; and yet, I fear that I have often given countenance to this unprofitable, if not really sinful, habit.

For some days, my mind has been much depressed by suffering, and the low state of my nervous system; yet the Lord has not forsaken me, and, blessed be his name! I am learning to walk in *darkness*, as well as in *light*. It is a glorious thing to lose one's self in God; to have no will but His; to think, speak, act and desire only in co-operation with Him who ruleth in heaven and earth. Then, and not till then, do we know what we may enjoy, even in this vale of tears. It is because we are so *easily satisfied*, that we enjoy so little. If we can only believe our *sins forgiven*, we are con-

tent to stand still. Stand! did I say? This cannot be. The work of grace is a *progressive* work, beginning at conversion, and stopping only at death. We must either be gaining or losing ground.

Truth cannot suffer from investigation. Darkness alone can obscure its native loveliness; and the only drapery it seeks, to ornament and beautify its features, is the pure, unsullied garb of light. The volume of revelation unfolded by the Spirit of God is the *only source* from whence light can come. And why do we search so little in this pure fountain? Because, in too many instances, some secret bosom-sin is cherished; and we fear to come to the light, lest our false peace should be disturbed.

Man, at first, abused his liberty, and fell from the high and holy eminence he occupied, into the deep abyss of ruin. Having forfeited the favour of God, he lost his image; and deformity has followed his posterity, down to the present time.

But a sacrifice has been offered, a *ransom-price* has been paid to, and accepted by, our justly-offended Maker; so that God can be *just*, and yet *justify* the *ungodly*; and we

can come *boldly* to the throne of grace, in the name of Him *who bore our sins*. * * *

Oh! for an increase of faith—a firm, abiding trust in that God, who never turns a deaf ear to the earnest cry of a suppliant. May you, my dear friend, enjoy all that he is willing to give.

I crave an interest in your prayers, that I may be made *all* that God would have me be; that I may lie submissively beneath the chastening rod of my kind and indulgent Father.

I trust that you already begin to see that good seed has been sown, in the education of your grand-children. May it bring forth much fruit!

Mr. — was so kind as to send me the likeness. There is another, I would give any thing to possess. You may judge whose it is. I suppose it is natural to wish to see those who have been kind to us; but my desire is not *vain curiosity**—*something deeper* makes me wish for it. * * * *

* This reminds us of the story of a little deaf and dumb boy, whose mother died while he was in an Asylum, at a distance from home. In the hour of his

Please remember me to the family. My best love to you and the dear children. Praying that God may richly bless both you and yours,

I remain,

Your humble servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER IX.

Baltimore, May 18, 1853.

My dear Friend:—Through the mercy of an indulgent God, I am again permitted to write.

Most severely have I suffered since you last heard from me. For some days I could scarcely open my eyes, the pain in the eye-balls was so violent; but to-night they feel

own departure, soon after, he took a looking-glass, and gave a yearning look at his own face, and then contrived, by the usual signs, to explain his motives, before he gave up his spirit. “The boys said mother was so like me; and *I want to know her, when I meet her in heaven.*”

Some feeling, akin to that expressed in the last line, appears to have been in the mind of Rachel.

better. So I thought I would write, if it was but a little.

20th.

You will perceive from the two dates of my letter, that I was only able to write a few lines. I hope now to finish it, although my back and side are unusually painful. To suffer, seems the common lot of humanity; but the hope which the child of God enjoys, sweetens every bitter. If we stand fast in the time of trial, always pressing forward, we may hope to attain unto the mind of Christ, and grow up to the measure of the stature of his fullness. We are not to depend upon ourselves, nor look to our own power for support in the sorrows and trials of life; but to Him who is both able and willing to make us abound in grace, and the fruits of the Spirit. This should encourage us to *rest in God*. Has not the soul *enough* when it has *God* for its portion? *If God be ours in covenant, that embraces all things.*

I believe that God sometimes sends us

great and sore troubles, that we may have more experience of his love and wisdom, in our support and deliverance. The time is near, when, instead of complaining at the greatness and singularity of our trials, we shall magnify the wisdom of God in guiding so many sons and daughters *through tribulation* to glory.

Then we shall be made to say, like those in Mark vii. 37, "He hath done all things well." Why should affliction trouble us? How long did the suffering of our blessed Saviour last? There was no end to his sorrow, until "he cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost." Though he was the Son of God—very God, and very man—from the hour of His birth, till the moment of His death; from the manger to the cross, his sufferings increased; and *He died in gloom*. We should remember, that our afflictions are a part of Christ's cross,* which our blessed Redeemer has contrived for our good, and appointed for us, to bear after him. *He bears us up, and the cross too.*

* Is there no encouragement and consolation here for the Christian? Afflictions part of Christ's cross!

It is said that "Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." Shall we, then, not endure a few years of suffering for our Lord, if He calls us to it? If I know any thing of my own heart, I can answer, Yes, blessed be my Father and my God!

I am often grieved, when I think of my poor, unfortunate husband, and the dreadful sin in which he lives. There is no wound so deep as this; and *even for this*, religion has a sweet and healing balm.

When I reflect on the goodness of God to me, I am overwhelmed with a sense of my ingratitude to Him. What more can I ask, than God has already done for me, except it be a *greater conformity to Himself*? God is my Father, Jesus is my Saviour, the Holy Ghost is my Sanctifier: I have kind friends, who provide for my temporal necessity.

Would I not, then, be the most unthankful of all his creatures, did I suffer one complaining thought to find lodgment in my heart, or to escape my lips?

Oh! the Lord has done much for me.

It is all of grace; and were that grace withdrawn, I should be vile indeed.* What am I out of Christ? What could I do or bear without His *free grace*? He is my stronghold, my sure defence. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee." "My heart and my flesh faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." Oh! that glorious hope which lifts the soul far above this present state of trial, to that of glory and bliss. I shall soon be free from this cumbersome clay, safe in the bosom of God!

May you and I meet in heaven, and there talk over the wonders of His providence and grace, and join in the rapturous song of "Glory to God and the Lamb!"

My mother sends her love to you, your children, grand-children, and all the family. My father can hardly see. I think that he

* Some one has well said that the breast of the Christian man is like an ant-hill upon which a stone has been placed. As long as the pressure remains, all is quiet; but let *it* be removed but for a moment, and again all is activity. So, it is with our hearts. God's grace is the stone, the pressure.

will go blind, as all his family have done, at his age. This would be a heavy affliction to us all; but if it would be the means of bringing him to Christ, I should be truly thankful for the visitation. * * * *

My love and thanks to you, my dear friend. That heaven's choicest blessings may be continually lavished upon you, is the prayer of your

humble servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER X.

Baltimore, July 19, 1853.

My dear Friend:—I sometimes fear that you will think me negligent or ungrateful, because I do not write oftener. The will is not in fault, but the body. It is impossible for me to say how painful is the ordeal through which I am called to pass! But it is the Lord—shall I receive good at His hands, and not evil? or, in other words, shall I receive only those things which are pleasant, and not those which the flesh shrinks from? The language of my heart

is, "Let the Lord do with me, as seemeth to him good." I love Him, and all He either bestows or permits. I know that human nature cannot desire suffering; but "all things shall work together for good to them that love God,"—*all things!* Does not this *all things* embrace what God inflicts, or permits to befall those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity? I thus construe it; and I thank God for *leaving this ALL THINGS on record*. He is as surely the God of love when he *withholds*, as when he *bestows*. He acts in unerring wisdom and love to his children. It is very pleasant to know that He is the Ruler and Disposer of the universe, and that nothing can overtake us without his permission. * * * *

My mind is not so comfortable as I wish. I would love to have a clearer evidence of my acceptance with God. I have been deprived of this for some time; but it is *not essential to my salvation*. God's word remains the same; and I have abundant cause to praise Him that he enables me *to rest* in His word. Indeed I very often believe, because *I will believe*, and love to believe; and I often pray, because it is a *duty*—for

I have no sensible answer to my prayers, and my heart appears hard, unfeeling, and cold.

But, though my feelings are varied, I find the word and promise always the same. I know that God is the *rewarder of faith*, whether I come into the immediate enjoyment of the benefits I desire, or not.

The question is, Am I serving God with full purpose of heart? and not, Am I in a *joyous frame*? Do I devote all my powers of soul and body to Him? and not, Do I have *sensible answers* to prayer? Do I desire and strive to be conformed to His will? and not, Does my faith produce joy? God's people have *peace*, though they may not have joy. The foot of the cross is the safest place to be.

When every feeling of the heart forbids belief, when Satan tempts, and trials roll round us, as the waves of the sea, threatening to go over our heads, sweeping us down to eternal despair, there is a conflict before the soul can rest in God's word. But I know that word cannot fail; and when I walk in darkness, I will stay my soul upon One who has promised not to leave me nor

forsake me. Blessed be his dear name! I love his ways; I love Him for what he is in *Himself*; for his own excellence.

I mourn over my unfaithfulness to that God who has ever been so good to me; and when I think of his love, his patience, and long-suffering, I am covered with shame and confusion. I really wonder that he did not long ago cut me down, as a cumberer of the ground; and then, I remember that He “delights to show mercy,” and that I have a *precious Intercessor* above. Still, I am not satisfied with my present attainments. Past blessings do not suffice. I desire to go on from one degree of grace to another, through the Holy Spirit working in me the works of holiness.

I love the *plan* of salvation: it just suits such a sinner as I am. I am dissatisfied with nothing but *myself*; and *I hate nothing but sin*.

My dear, kind friend, you can never know how my heart goes out for those who have bestowed so much on me. It seems sometimes, as if I could take hold of the very heavens for them.

What a privilege is prayer! I fear that

it is too often looked upon, and entered into, only as a *duty*; and not as a *blood-bought privilege*. It is at the mercy-seat that Jesus pours down upon our heads the oil of gladness.

“There, there on eagle’s wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet.
And glory crowns the mercy seat!”

May you, my dear Madam, ever enjoy
“the fullness of the Gospel of peace!”

* * * * *

LETTER XI.

Baltimore. Aug. 11, 1853.

My dear Friend:—In his all wise providence, and infinite mercy, God yet spares my unprofitable life. It seems to me, that I am the most useless of beings. I lie here *receiving all good, and imparting none*. God deals graciously, and often bountifully with my soul; and I would willingly impart to others, of that which I receive. But how shall I do it? What can such a

poor, ignorant creature do? But I will not complain. God has laid me aside; and if I can do nothing else, I can suffer with patience. He will enable me to do this, for his grace is all-sufficient. He assures me *now* of his favour, and I will wait in hope, until I am brought into actual possession of an "inheritance incorruptible, and that fadeth not away." Thank God! there remaineth a rest to his people—a rest where labour is sweet,* and every movement a song—a rest well worth suffering for. May

* Rachel seems to have had the same idea of *rest*, *heavenly rest*, as Richard Baxter.

"Rest is not quitting
• The busy career;
Rest is the *fitting*
Of self to its sphere.

"'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife—
Fleeing to Ocean
After its life.

"'Tis loving and serving
The Greatest and Best;
'Tis onward—unswerving;
And this is *true Rest!*"

the Lord enable me to contend manfully, being girded with the whole armour of God; having on the breast-plate of righteousness; and above all, the shield of faith, without which piece of armour, we can accomplish little. Although we hold it with only a trembling hand, *we must have it*. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," but to those that endure unto the end. The Lord is my strength and my Redeemer. I have nothing to expect or hope *out* of Christ; but *in him* all I need or desire.

I am moving heavenward; *slowly* indeed, but still *advancing*. Oh! how great is God's mercy to me. What have I, that I have not received freely and unmeritedly? God is my strong tower, and my refuge!

I begin to feel that my warfare will soon be over, when I shall see him whom my soul loveth—yes, see that Saviour who reached out his arms of redeeming love, and opened his side, to take me to his heart; whose hands were pierced to embrace me; whose feet were nailed to the cross, to lead me in the path of holiness; whose head was wreathed with thorns, that

mine might wear a crown of glory; whose body was robed with scorn, that I might be robed with His righteousness. What more could Jesus have done for me? And yet, I do not love Him as I ought! Oh, that he would enable me to love all else, as though I loved not, in comparison with Him who bringeth salvation to the guilty sons and daughters of Adam.

I daily find new beauties in Christ, to draw me after Him; and am displeased with myself, because I keep at so great a distance from Him; yet I praise his grace, that he inclines me still to follow on. My watch-word is, "upward and onward!" The more I have, the more I want of Christ: the nearer I approach the end of my race, the more I see His infinite fullness, and desire to be filled therefrom. Oh! that I were swallowed up in God. I mourn over my leanness, yet I have every cause for thanksgiving; for, where would I have been, had God dealt with me according to my deserts?—where neither hope or mercy could ever come, bewailing my misery in a hopeless eternity, without one ray of light to cheer my dungeon of ruin and despair!

Praise his name! that "in the midst of wrath, he remembered mercy;" and I am blessed with a sense of his presence here, and a joyful hope of a blissful immortality beyond the skies.

We hope, my dear friend, that yourself and family are well. * * * * Is it not strange, that when we pray regularly for any one, we should feel such a love and interest created in us towards them. I find it to be the case with myself, and suppose it is with others. * * * I seem to think *that one, at least, of the children, will be of the number, who shall proclaim the glad tidings of the gospel of peace.* May it be so, for Jesus' sake!

I continue very unwell. You cannot think how much I suffer with this cancer. It seems to be eating quite up to my waist. The pain at my heart is very bad, and my whole left side seems affected by it. My back also is painful, and I have suffered with my head, until my face was so swollen that I could not see. Indeed, my eyes would not have been blacker, if I had been beaten over them. I can hardly tell in which part of my body the pain has been

most severe. It will all be done one of these days; and methinks, that the first sound from the heavenly harpers, which strikes upon my ear, will a thousand times repay for this short night of suffering and pain. To behold Jesus as he is,—I will willingly wait, till I hear the bridegroom's voice. God deals graciously with me, soul and body. I will extol the Lord; whom He sets free is free indeed! He can and He will bring me victoriously to the place he has gone to prepare.

May he continue to bless, comfort, and support you in this valley of weeping; and at last give you a triumphant entrance into the "everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!"

Remember me to the Misses W——.

That God may bless you and all yours,
is the earnest prayer of your

humble servant,
RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XII.

Baltimore, Sept. 1, 1853.

My dear, kind Friend:—Just as I was sending to the office this morning, your letter of yesterday came to the door. I cannot tell you the gratitude that filled my heart, both for it, and its welcome enclosure. * * * * * I will pray for the bereaved ones. Oh! what an unspeakable consolation is an interest in Christ! May you and all the survivors, richly experience God's presence. Would not such separations be *intolerable*, without a prospect of *reunion*, and a reunion *eternal*? Blessed be God! you shall meet again, and never, never part: meet to dwell and reign with Jesus forever and forever. May your soul be richly watered, by plunging deep in the fountain of Jesus' blood!—but of this, you know better than I can tell you.

God only knows the joy, "he saw his way through Christ," brought to my heart. *If he had been in the service of God ten thou-*

sand years, he could have had no other hope. Christ is the hiding-place for sinners.

I knew that many fervent prayers were wafted to heaven on the wings of faith, and felt sure God would answer them to the conversion of his soul. I have always understood that the kindness of his heart prompted him to extend help, wherever help was needed, and for a long time, have hoped that his many good qualities would at last be adorned with *grace*. I had no fear about his soul, *for I believe God's word, "Ask what ye will."*—*We cannot ask too largely.*

Deeply do I feel for the bereaved wife; but it is only a *temporary* separation. Ere long, both you, she, and I trust all his children, will be with him forever. May you live in delightful anticipation of the "glorious appearing of the great God, our Saviour," when the loved and lost (lost for a little while) shall appear with Him in glory. Is he dead? No, he sleeps in Jesus. "Sorrow then, not as others, who have on hope;" but comfort one another, by speaking of the promised day of glory. Think of the time, when you will see the

beloved *brother*; the wife her *husband*; the children their *father*. Think of the day, when you will see that form, once wasted by sickness, clouded with sorrow, and shrouded in death, all radiant with the brightness of celestial bliss—made like to his glorious Saviour. Oh! with what delight will you then trace together a Saviour's love, with joy, in one sense, surpassing that of angels; casting your *blood-bought crowns* at his feet, and joining in the never-ending worship of the upper sanctuary! How you will follow together, the footsteps of the Lamb through all the glories of the New Jerusalem, uniting in the anthem of thanksgiving which all His ransomed people will unceasingly lift up before His throne!

Could he now speak to you from the abodes of bliss, what, think you, would he exclaim?—Rejoice, rejoice that I am enjoying the unveiled beauties of my Saviour's face! Grieve not at my removal, but spend every moment in grateful efforts to promote the interests of my Father, and your Father, and my God, and your God. A father, a brother, in heaven! what would not thou-

sands give to be able to say this? * * * *
Never, until we get *there*, can we have any adequate conception of what we owe to a Redeemer's love. We ought to feel every moment wasted, that is not employed in some effort to promote his glory.

Let it comfort your hearts, to know that this bereavement is appointed by Him who manifested for you, on Calvary's cross, a love which passeth all understanding; and lay yourselves open to receive all the consolation He is willing to impart.

Heavy affliction does not always speak the *wrath* of God. No, no. It oftener speaks of *mercy*. The *smarting rod and divine love often dwell together*. Faith takes hold of the promise of salvation in and through Christ; and so, securing its main interests, makes the *soul easy* in every lot of life: faith sees God at the helm, in the wildest storm, and endures as seeing him who is invisible: faith casts anchor on the Rock of Ages, and stays itself on God: faith brings new supplies of grace from heaven, which keep the soul from sinking in the heaviest trials: faith supports by the encouraging representations it makes of

Christ—His *present concern* for the believer; His almighty arm conveying invisible strength for his support; and above all, of His pleading the cause of his people with God: faith represents Christ as standing by the furnace as a refiner, smiling upon His children under their trials, and saying, “It is I.” * * * * * Love is an endearing principle: it makes, the soul, like a kindly child, draw nearer to Christ the more it is beaten. *Complaints are not murmurings*; else, there would be no room for prayer; no spreading our distressed cases before God.

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LETTER XIII.

Baltimore, Oct. 5, 1853.

My very dear Friend:—I pray that you do not attribute my long silence either to neglect or ingratitude. I have been obliged to do some sewing. I had put it off as long as possible, for I well knew the consequences of exertion; but my clothes were

so worn that I was unable longer to defer mending them. This has caused me to suffer so much, that I hardly know how to *mend* my own poor body. *I speak particularly of the cause, that you may not think me forgetful of duty.*

My mind, also, has been quite gloomy. I am such a poor proficient in the school of Christ; so backward to learn "the things freely given us of God."

I make such slow advance toward perfection, that I often find it difficult to determine whether or not I am progressing. We do not *remain stationary* in religion, although at times we appear to do so. Upon examination, I do not discover that I am *receding*; then, *I must be progressing*. Resignation to the will of God should be exercised in this respect, as well as in any other; but when I view my religious life, I see so many imperfections, so little conformity to Him whose name I bear, that I am ready to conclude I shall never be what God requires; and that, after all, I shall miss heaven.

My thoughts wander so from God, and lay hold of objects which are earthly. In

my approaches to Him, I do not have that holy, reverential awe I desire, tempered and softened by a spirit of affectionate freedom, and grateful, confiding love. * * * *My* love is so cold, while *His* is so great. My prayers have but feeble signs of life. God has promised to hear me when I call upon him, though for wise purposes He does not grant *sensible* answers to my prayers. We are so prone to error on this point; so apt to conclude that God does not lend an ear to our supplications, unless we have some *visible* answer to them. We should importune a throne of grace, determined not to withdraw our petitions, until we *know* that we have the things we ask for. To try our faith, God may leave us to wrestle with Him for weeks, or even months and years; but let us plead His word, and trust His unchangeable faithfulness, and we shall not be disappointed.

I beg you to pray, that the cloud which hangs so heavily over my spiritual sky, may burst in a flood of light upon my soul.

I trust, my dear friend, that your consolations in Christ abound; that the com-

forting and sanctifying influence of the Holy Ghost is continually wafting your soul on the wings of faith, hope, and love; and that, although cast down for a season by sorrow, your precious soul is lifted in joyful expectation. May you experience that He who wounds can heal!

“The very hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for you.”

Precious Saviour! how deeply he sympathizes with his sorrowing followers! May He attune our hearts and lips to praise him with joyful strains, singing and making melody in our hearts!

We hope that yourself and family are well: also the bereaved widow. May she be enabled to trust in the Lord, and lean upon his arm for support. May she draw by faith from the fountain of life, drink deeply of the well of salvation, and *feast* on the love of God in Christ. May she live to the Lord, go peacefully prepared to the grave, and have a triumphant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of her God and Saviour!

I trust that your most earnest prayers on

behalf of your grand-children may be fully realized. May they be good boys, and say with full purpose of heart, Oh God! thou art the guide of our youth.

My sufferings are most acute. The cancer has reached my stomach, and the pain is terrible. I can eat nothing without pain, and my heart is so bad, that when I get into a sleep, it seems as if I must die. Surely it is the Lord that sustains me!

May He abundantly bless you and yours, is the prayer of

Your humble debtor,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XIV.

Baltimore. May 30, 1854.

My dear Friend:—Once more I trouble you with a letter. I suppose that you are thinking of the sweet country air, where for a season you can be free from the bustle of the city, and enjoy a larger share of communion with God. But some happy day or night you will cross Jordan, and enter Ca-

naan; this toilsome warfare ended, you will take your departure for a *tearless, nightless* country. Your journey *began in grace*, but it *will end in glory*. Here one tear is scarcely dried, before another is ready to flow: not so there. When *reaping* time come, *weeping* time ends, and that forever. Though the seed be few, we shall be reaping the fruit throughout eternity: though we sow in tears, we shall reap in joy, and perhaps *astonishment*, when we see the reward of a single cup of cold water.* You may then hear something like this—You sheltered

* That great and good man, Dr. Owen, makes a remark to the same effect. He says:

“There is nothing so comforting to the child of God, as to think that bye-and-bye, when the Lord shall condescend to take notice of some poor ‘cup of cold water’ which was given to a disciple in the name of Christ, when He shall mark out some insignificant service which the Holy Ghost has enabled us to do in Christ’s name, we shall not be able to recognize our own services, they shall look so very different when presented in and by Christ.”

Indeed, the wonder will be, that they have been remembered at all. But “As a tear dropped on the golden Altar would appear *golden* because the gold shone through, so will it be with deeds done in Christ’s name and for his sake.”

the poor wanderer,—henceforth my house shall be your home. You fed the hungry,—eat the fruit of the tree of life. My omniscience shall be your overseer; my wisdom your counsellor; my justice your avenger; my faithfulness your security; my mercy your store; my omnipresence your company; my all-sufficiency the lot of your inheritance. We should not *dare* to think of all this honour, if the Lord himself had not encouraged us to look forward, *as being partakers of his glory*.

I was never called to walk so entirely by faith, as now. God has cut off all human helps. It is not *necessary* to have the instructions of man; yet it is very pleasant and encouraging to hear God's people speak of his dealings with and towards them; and it has always afforded me delight to have them sing and pray with me. But God has seen that I was leaning too much on the arm of flesh, and in mercy to my soul, has deprived me of this privilege. I feel it keenly; but, worse than all, my God hides his face! I cannot see Him at the mercy-seat, and I have no sensible answer to prayer; still, I know the change is in my-

self. God is the same, and his word abideth forever. Jesus is never so precious, as in the dark and gloomy day; and although I cannot see him, I know he is near, imparting strength,—else, how could I persevere amid so much discouragement. Satan sifts, but Jesus pleads: Satan tempts, but Jesus prays. The strong man is assailed by the stronger; the wolf prowls for his prey; but *what can he do while the Shepherd is near?* I deserve to be banished from his fold, and left to stray on dark mountains; but his mercy abounds, and though I have no ray of light to cheer my pilgrimage, yet will I cleave to Jesus, and stay my soul upon God. Perhaps, “at evening time, it will be light;” and if it is not, a day of cloudless glory will dawn upon my ransomed soul. My Saviour trod a path of bitterness and blood, and shall I go to heaven, fed on sweets? No, not one in glory got there thus softly, and *I would not like to take the lead.*

* * * * *

I trust the little boys improve, and appreciate the blessings they enjoy. I hope that which they learn may prove to be a blessing to thousands of precious souls, as

well as themselves. Although I never expect to see them here, God grant me a sight of them in heaven.

My sufferings are still very severe. The leaders of my right arm are drawn, the doctor thinks, from the spine; and my cancer is getting worse. Pray, that all may be sanctified to the glory of God, and patience have her perfect work.

* * * *

LETTER XV.

Baltimore, Aug. 20, 1854.

My dear Friend:—Though death comes creeping on, and often makes such hasty strides, that I think he is laying hands upon me, yet, you perceive that I am still alive; I fear, not with the submission I ought to feel. I am so weary of sin, unfaithfulness, ingratitude, of *myself*. How much better to be with Christ!* But then,

* “ Yes, each believer for thy coming waits,
To join the glorious throng within the veil,
On spicy mountains of eternal love,

it is an act of undeserved kindness that He gives me so large a time for repentance; and one glance is enough to show me what I should have been, had he dealt with me according to my deserts. The goodness of God has abounded towards this worm, since the first dawn of my existence. Did the sweet singer of Israel exclaim, "I am a worm, and no man!" how much more should I? Did the noble Paul call himself "the least of all saints," to what hiding-place shall I flee? How should my soul be filled with the height and depth, and length and breadth of the love of Christ? * * *

* * * My faith is not what it should be; or, rather, I *need more*; for *little* faith is as truly *faith*, as *much* faith.*

And there inhale the fragrance of Thy name,
 Make haste, O my beloved! Quickly come,
 In all Thy Father's glory, and Thine own.
 My heaven-born spirit waits to meet thee, Lord:
 To be made like Thee, see Thee as Thou art,
 And spend eternity in Thy embrace!"

* 2 Pet. i. 1. "*Like precious faith.*" One grain of gold is as much gold as one ton. So with faith. If it be in size only as a grain of mustard-seed, *still it is faith*—God's gift. Lord, increase our faith!

Even in this bed of suffering, does not Jesus cradle me in the arms of his love? but oh! this heart is such a *lump of disease* treachery, vanity, inconsistency, foolishness and wickedness! Yet the Lord of glory asks me for it—died to win it.

“Take it, Lord, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee.”

23d.

The furnace-fire became so hot, that I could not finish my letter. Blessed thought! suffering cannot last forever. I expect to have an eternity of ease, when the days of my mourning are ended. The valley of tears is not so long, after all. A few more throbbings of this aching heart, and the angel will proclaim that “time shall be no longer.” I should be willing to sup *one bitter draught*, when I expect to *bathe in ten thousand rivers of glory*. Am I hoping too much? Yes, if I looked to anything short of Christ. Good works are required of us; but they have *no part* in meriting or procuring salvation. Love to God makes it delightful to do good and communicate.

The believer remembers the life his Lord lived upon earth, and delights to walk in his footsteps; yet he depends upon the alone merits of Christ for salvation. * * * I have often felt thankful that heaven is not to be purchased by works of man. If so, I could never get there; for every act of mine, even to the most fervent prayer, needs the all-cleansing blood of Jesus.

“Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.”

Wonder of wonders, that Christ should love so vile a worm as I, with an *everlasting* love;* and glory to his name! he has brought me to love *him*. I cannot love him as I ought, but he graciously condescends to take the *will* for the deed: he owns my poor services, and stoops to meet me at the mercy-seat. My stated seasons for prayer

* “God, who is rich in mercy, for his *great love* wherewith he loved us, *even when we were dead in sins*.” Eph. ii. 4. It is unscriptural to suppose that God *ever was* or *ever is*, angry with *his people*. “God is love.”

are so many steps, each one bringing me nearer to heaven. *I cannot kneel*, but I change my position, and my precious Intercessor presents me in his own person; the Holy Ghost fulfills his office, and shows me my wants and weakness, making intercession with groanings that cannot be uttered. I build my faith on the merits of Christ, and the word of God; coming thus—I know and believe that God graciously regards me, and in his own time, which is the best and right time, will fulfill his promise. * * * * *

I had last night, a most delightful freedom while praying for the little boys, which makes me hope more than ever, that the desire of your heart may be granted. You can hardly think how praying for them daily, entwines them round my heart.

My bodily sufferings increase; but it is the Lord, and blessed be His holy name!

* * * * *

LETTER XVI.

Baltimore, Sept. 26, 1854.

My dear Friend:—I should have written before, but I have been so much worse in nealth; and my mind seems to partake of my bodily prostration. * * * * *

I have been led to say, lately, that “trials and afflictions abide me:” why does not God take me hence? I thank God, such feelings are only momentary; for I am convinced that trials of whatever sort—affliction either of body or mind—though *strangling were better than life*—shall all work together for my good; and though I cannot now see how, eternity will make it plain.

* * * * *

Trials are part of our discipline; God directs them all. He has provided eternal life for us, and placed it *in Christ*, who is the way to heaven. If we expect *rest in the creature*, we shall be disappointed; but if we seek it in Christ, we shall find it; for the

only price that could purchase rest has been paid by Him. * * *

My spells are more frequent and violent; but I trust that my *inner* man gathers strength. * * * I sometimes fear that I speak too plainly. If I offend on this point, please tell me, and I will try to be more particular. If my friends get tired of me, (and I could not wonder,) it would be the heaviest burden ever laid upon me. * * * You have had much patience—may God reward you an hundred-fold.

My blessing to the children. Love to the Misses W——. God bless you!

Your servant and debtor,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XVII.

Baltimore, Oct. 10, 1854.

My dear Friend:—I received your letter and welcome enclosure last Wednesday. Ten thousand thanks for your generous gift. I stood very much in need of it, but

was deeply wounded by having three dollars of it stolen. * * *

The sorrows of my heart have lately been enlarged. I can do little but weep. It is surely needful that I should suffer thus, or such would not be the case. Humbling reflection! that my God, who is all love, should find it so needful! * * *

It is easy to be an outside Christian—an empty professor; but this, cannot bring peace to the heart. My own experience teaches me that I need the pruning-knife; and although it sometimes cuts deep, God cannot err. He doeth all things well.

“Jesus alone shall bear my cries,
Up to the Father’s throne:
He, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.”

I fear the Misses —— mistook my motive in writing. I only desired to obtain encouragement and instruction. I feel my need so deeply, that I am willing to do almost anything to get it; yet I hope that I may never forget my position and station in life. No motive but that which concerned my soul, induced me to trouble

them with my ignorance and bad writing. I feel sorry, in looking over my letters, that your kind patience should be so much taxed.

May God bless you and yours, prays

Your obliged servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XVIII.

Baltimore. Nov. 13, 1854.

My dear Friend:—I have still to record the goodness and mercy of my God. For some months, the great adversary of my soul has been permitted to try every spark of grace, and to sift me as wheat. I have had to contend for every inch of ground—*yet I stand*, because the everlasting arms are underneath me. Oh! what a bottomless abyss is redeeming love! What heights and depths, what lengths and breadths, it is our privilege to enjoy, yet how far beneath them do we live! * * * I long to be emptied of all, that I may be filled with

Him who filleth all in all. I am nothing; but in Christ is an infinite fullness. My wants, many as they are, can never impoverish the inexhaustible treasury of his grace. My insufficiency in *everything*, is met by his sufficiency in *all* things. * * * We receive little, only because we ask little, and expect even less than we ask.

I cannot rest short of all Christ has purchased for me—all God is willing to bestow, and I am capable of receiving. I cannot rest satisfied with any partial attainment. I long to be brought out of my captivity. Joy is pleasant, but this is not the object of my search. I see every promise mine,* sealed with my own Saviour's blood. May

* This is the true idea of progressive sanctification. It is *not* the having *anything* good of ourselves, but, it is being "complete in Christ." And, it is having the capacity to receive out of his fullness from time to time. This process will never cease. No, not in heaven; because, there are "*unsearchable riches*" in Jesus. Sanctification is nothing more nor less than having our daily sins washed out by the blood of Jesus, and our daily wants supplied out of his fullness. In a word, it is *living on Jesus*—it is *the development of the new*, not the mending of the old man.

power be given me to go up and possess the land !

* * * * *

A suffering body, is one of God's great blessings to his people. I do not mean to say that it is *needful* to have *bodily* suffering, before the patience can be tried ; for I think that we often require stricter watching under the petty ills of life. Heavy burdens will cause reflection, while a wayward child may disturb our temper. It is where we suspect the least, that the most danger lies. To have the body racked year after year with suffering ; to spend night after night in the vain attempt to lie down, with no comfortable position in which to sit ; to think that the cold hand of death is upon you, and no one near save the God of heaven ; and still feel that it is *all right*, is more than *human strength*. We may even bear suffering without complaint ; stern determination may enable us to do so ; but that is not the resignation and comfort, in which we can say, "Even so, Father ; for so it seemeth good in thy sight : " *beholding every stroke disposed according to covenant*

transaction, and meekly kissing the hand that smites us.*

This patience springs from a *divine cause*, and leads to a *divine end*. It is all, all of grace. Oh! what a debtor to free grace am I! * * *

A new physician has called to see me; but says that no relief can be obtained. These dreadful inward burnings have almost consumed me. I have several times thought, that I was really entering the valley of death.

* * * * *

LETTER XIX.

Baltimore, Jan. 8, 1855.

My very kind friend:—I attempt to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and liberal enclosure, yet words do not seem to convey the feelings of my heart. Will you

* Yes. The covenant is *ordered in all things* and sure; and all things work *together* for good to God's believing people.

thank the Misses — many times for me? It gives me real pleasure to know that God sees, and will reward every such action. I am a feeble, unworthy worm, but God will not disregard my prayers. I sometimes fear that I trouble you with my ignorance, and bad writing; and am grateful for your indulgence in this respect. I have often thought, that if the offer of a good education, or an independent fortune, were made to me, that I would choose the *former*; but God has seen fit to withhold this boon, and I must be content.

We were sorry to learn that death had again entered the family; but with deference, I would say, that I hope the Misses — are enabled to behold a Father's hand. He who lighted the fire is everlasting love; love is the fuel which feeds the flame—how sweet to be able to say, when the furnace is hottest—*anything, dear Lord, so thou art glorified.* * * * *Resignation* is what the Lord calls for, without reasoning about the past, present, or future. May this trial have a transforming and refining influence; and may you all find, that as link after link is broken on earth, you are

more closely united to Christ your Head.

* * *

My God condescends to make Himself known to me, as a prayer-hearing God.

This year set in gloriously upon my soul. The last hours of the old, and the first of the new year, were spent (as is usual with me) in searching the depths of my heart, and laying all upon the altar, which can alone sanctify the gift. * * *

I desire God to impart Himself more fully, and enable me to serve Him with all the *perfection* that the *imperfection* of humanity will admit. But how totally has man lost in the fall the moral image of his Creator! Into what an abyss of ruin did he sink; and had not the Son of God reached out his hand of redeeming love, and promised and provided, *unasked-for*, a Saviour, not one ray of light could ever have entered his dark dungeon of despair.

The apostle to the Gentiles tells us that God wills our sanctification. This is a doctrine very freely spoken of, in the Methodist connection; but, I fear, often urged with a zeal not according to knowledge. Many place it so high, that some despair of find-

ing it; while others put it so low, that it does not appear worth contending for.

I am sensible of my ignorance, and therefore merely give an opinion. It appears to me that the term sanctification, sometimes means the entire dedication of person or things to holy or sacred purposes. The Levites were sanctified or *set apart* to the service of the temple: again, the term implies purity or holiness of heart. It is love to God with all our heart and mind, and soul and strength. It is the lost image restored by the power and efficacy of the Holy Ghost. It is laying all on the altar of sacrifice, determined never to remove it thence, and believing the offering is accepted through and for Christ's sake. It is only by cleaving to, and trusting in Christ, that this state can be retained. It begins the moment a soul is born from above, and ends only when the soul leaves the body.

* * * * *

In looking over what I have written, I beg that you will pardon my freedom of speech. I cannot get along unless I write just as my heart prompts; therefore it is put on paper rough from the heart. If I

studied to make it appear nice, it would be worse than it is; as, in this respect, restraint is not in my nature. I know, that your kind heart will excuse and make allowance for me.

God bless you all,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XX.

Baltimore, March 12, 1855.

My dear Friend:—With many thanks, I acknowledge the receipt of your welcome letter. *Thank you!* always seems to convey so little what I mean, that I feel dissatisfied with my blunt acknowledgments of your kindness. * * *

You have a right not only to request, but to command of me anything I can do; and it affords me great pleasure to give you an account of my conversion. * * *

It appears to me very manifest, that, from the first to the present moment, it has been *the work of the Lord*. From a child, I took

delight in going to the Roman Catholic Church, and loved the very name of Catholic, long before I understood its usages, or doctrines. It has always been my disposition to do with all my might whatever I undertook; neither will I undertake anything until I understand it. Accordingly, I sought every means to ground my Romish faith, long before any one, save the priest and myself, knew that I was so engaged; and when I came out publicly as a member of the Catholic Church, I was well posted in all its doctrines, and deeply rooted in all its superstitious idolatry; bitterly hating everything opposed to it, and using every effort to bring converts to its bosom. I was too successful. Would to God I could undo all I have done in this respect!

For my zeal in this way, I had added to my name of Rachel, that of St. Rebecca.

Saint, indeed! Devil was more befitting my character.

At length, *the priest and I concluded* that I was called to be a nun; and during the last six months of my connection with the Romanists, I was receiving instructions for that purpose. * * * Thus I went on

glorying in darkness, until the last day of the year 1842, when I proposed to some Catholic friends, that we should attend a Methodist watch-meeting. I did not want to go, because I hoped to be benefitted; for of all people, they were the last from whom I expected benefit. I thought that if any one in the meeting held down their head, the members would immediately speak to them. I determined, therefore, to act as if I was weeping, and when they came to me, I was to tell them that I belonged to the *true Church*; if possible, convince them of their folly, or else, insult their feelings. I looked upon them with less respect than I did upon a dog that belonged to what I termed a good Catholic.

My friends were afraid to go up farther than the choir, but I went to the seat under the pulpit. Service began at nine o'clock; the church was crowded. Two sermons were preached, but I do not remember one word. I held down my head till my neck ached, but no one spoke to me. This vexed me beyond measure. There were some persons present who knew me, and would gladly have besought me to seek redemp-

tion through the blood of Jesus; but they also knew my violent temper, and were afraid to come in contact with me, sure that no good object had brought me there, and *little thinking that the Lord was about to work a great work.*

At twelve o'clock, the Covenant hymn was given out. It was to be sung upon the knees. Now, thought I, is my only chance. I will kneel, then they will speak to me. I noticed that the lady sitting next to me, eyed me closely; but she has told me since, that my countenance was so forbidding, that she took a hint from one who knew me, and did not speak. * * *

I was so long considering what to do, that every one was kneeling before I rose from my seat. As I was getting down, my eyes ran over the church. All were bowed, except those who came with me. Satan raged.

As I looked around, and saw every soul bowed low, the solemnity of the scene overcame me, and I sat upon the floor and wept. I tried to be calm, but could not. I cursed myself for going there. I was angry because I could not stop weeping; neither

could I help crying so loud that others heard me. I then tried to listen to the minister pray; but no, I could not command my feelings. It seemed as if hell was gaping beneath me, and I dared not move. * * * I thought that I had broken a blood-vessel, and that if I moved I should die among those *cursed heretics without a priest*. I called upon my patron saint, upon the Blessed Virgin, but my distress continued. * * * When the hymn and prayers were ended, I made one desperate effort to get upon the seat again.

Soon after, we went out. My feelings were as different from what they were when I went into that meeting, as an enraged lion differs from a harmless lamb.

I slept little or none that night, and rose early next morning, that I might attend church during the whole day; but my burden grew heavier still. As night came on, *I felt an invisible power dragging me again to the Methodist meeting, where I went actually cursing the very people among whom I was, and myself for following them.*

On Monday, I determined to clear my conscience by making a full confession to

my ghostly father, (the priest,) but he could not hear me. I went from one priest to another, but something always prevented my confession; and when night drew on, that *invisible power* again took me to the Methodist meeting. A great work was going on there; hundreds were added to the Church. Thus it was day after day, and night after night. During the day I would try to get to confession, and at night that *invisible something* would draw me, actually *against my will*, to the Methodist church. * * * I now see what that something was—the *interposition* of Almighty God.

My pen would prove a useless instrument to describe what I suffered for a month. I could neither eat, sleep, nor work. I was sewing for a lady, who pitied my distress, and exacted nothing of me, although she was not a Christian. On the last Saturday of January I said, to confession I *must* and *will* get. I had been in the habit of confessing once a week, and communing once a fortnight. I went to the Cathedral, determined that my trouble should end that night. I tried my best, but the clock struck nine, before I knelt in the confessional. *It*

is a rule to end your confession with the priest you begin with, or else you must commence and go over it again. I had begun with another priest. So when the slide pushed back, my ghostly father said, "To whom did you confess last?" "To Father H——," said I. "Then go back to him," said he, sharply, as he shut the window with a slam, without ever asking me, as he should have done, whether I had finished with him or not.

I thank him for it all now; but oh! how I felt then—for him who had so puffed up my pride to behave thus to me. With bitter feeling, I said, "I will never confess to you again, nor come to this church any more." Still, I went all the next day. On Sunday night, however, I was again drawn to the Methodist meeting. During all this month, every argument had been used to show me that the cause of my distress was the strivings of God's spirit; but I did not see myself a condemned sinner. I loved the Catholic Church, and had no wish to hear anything said against it. There was one dear old saint, who soon perceived that it only made me angry to speak about it,

and carefully avoided the subject. He would stand, and weep over me, and I loved to hear him talk. He was no boisterous fanatic, but one of those mild, lovely Christians, whose very countenance beams with the love of God. He was a man of wealth, learning, and wisdom.

On this Sunday night, after saying all he could, I thought he had left me, and looked up. But oh! there he stood, his white locks put back from his forehead, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and his hands clasped in silent devotion. I knew that he was praying for me, and in bitterness of soul I said, I will never come in his way again. I do not think that I spoke aloud; but just then he said, "My dear child, I am afraid to leave you, although you wish me to do so. Promise me, that if God should spare you to come here again, that you will make one effort for your soul. It is not you we want; it is your salvation. And when your soul is born anew, if you see proper to remain in the Romish Church, why do so." I promised, without any intention of keeping my word, for I determined never to go there again. * * *

On Wednesday I thought I would surely die, and I uttered *my first heart-prayer*. "My God! only spare me, and this night I will make the effort. Anything, Lord, only let me not die!" Towards night, I felt like drawing back. Then a feeling came over me, and I ran to an out-house, and said, "O God! let me live. I must not, will not die." A young man of the family, who had kept a close eye upon me during the month, although I did not know it, followed me, and heard what I said. He, too, was a Roman Catholic; and three or four days after my conversion, he sought and found the Lord.

I went to church, and remember taking my seat, but have not the least idea of anything else, until I found myself kneeling at the altar. I do not know how I got there, but there I was; and the first thought that came into my mind was—What a fool I am making of myself! Then, I determined if there was such a religion as the old man spoke of, it should be mine. Just then, the dear old saint said to me, "Daughter, *He loves thee with an everlasting love. Look to none but Jesus! Saints and angels*

cannot help thee. Come to thy Saviour!" I remembered my promise to God, and tried to do as he told me. I was determined to know my doom that night, and if I left the altar unrelieved in mind, to lay violent hands upon myself, before the dawn of another day.

After two hours, I felt some hope and encouragement, and wished that the cross and medals were away from my neck. I thought they hindered me; but as soon as I was willing to give them up, and look upon them in their true character, they troubled my soul no more.

At twelve o'clock the first night in February, just one month from the time that the sword of the Spirit first wounded me, my Father said, "Daughter, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven. Go in peace." My conversion was clear as the noonday sun shining in his strength. I have never doubted for one moment that I was then born of God. Oh how happy I was: my joy seemed as great as my grief had been. My soul was too big for utterance, and I sat for some time as one speechless. * * *

My God has kept me twelve years.

Glory be to his dear name! and I have never regretted for a moment the steps I then took. —I do not think that any milder means would have brought me to Jesus' feet. It was necessary to shake me over the very mouth of hell, to show me the dark hold of iniquity in which I had placed all my hopes. Oh! that God should have borne with me. But he did, glory to my Jesus!*

“HE whom the boundless heaven adores,
Whom angels long to see,
Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
Ambassador to me:

“*To me*, a worm, a sinful clod,
A rebel all forlorn,
A foe, a traitor to my God,
And of a traitor born:

“*To me*, who never sought his grace,
Who mocked his holy word,
Who never knew, or loved his face,
But all his will abhorred:

“*To me*, who could not even praise,
When his kind heart I knew,
But sought a thousand devious ways
Rather than find the true.

“YET this REDEEMING ANGEL came,
So vile a worm to bless;
*He took, with gladness, all my blame,
And gave his righteousness.”*

I had no earthly friend to take me by the hand and say, "This is the way, walk ye in it." *But the Lord knew this*, and the night He converted my soul I had not gone more than half way home, before it was suggested to my mind—THIS IS NOT ALL OF RELIGION.* *From my natural birth, I continued to increase in size, until I arrived at the stature which God intended. So must I continue to grow in grace, love, knowledge, and experience, until God takes me to live with him in heaven; and the longing which then seized me for conformity to the mind of Christ has never left me.*

After I had known the Lord about three months, a sudden darkness spread over my spiritual horizon. It was suggested to me by the prince of darkness, that I had committed the unpardonable sin, and for six long months God only knows what I suffered. I felt sure, at length, that it was in leaving the Catholic Church that I had been guilty of this sin; and the more I thought of it, the more plausible it appear-

* Oh! that the Holy Spirit would teach all his people this truth, and lead them to be diligent in *studying Christ*.

ed. I wrote a letter to my father confessor, craving his pardon for having so yielded to Satan. After I had sealed it, I began to think of the change that had been wrought in me, and of the night when God spoke peace to my soul. "This, then, is the work of the devil," said I. "He would fain get me back to the Catholic Church." I was now confined to my bed for a few weeks, and my class-leader came to see me. It was just after dark, and a little lamp, with a tin shade over it, was burning in the room. "Why, sister Green," said he, jocosely, "your lamp is like yourself—all darkness." "Well, thought I, is it possible that others can see no more light in me than I can myself? But that lamp really has a bright light inside; and if it is turned round, others can see that light burning. Perhaps, such is the case with me. I may be only looking on the dark side." Then it was that light broke into my soul, and I saw that it was for the trial of my faith that I had suffered. I never sent the letter, nor have I ever since been tempted to join the Catholic Church. * * *

I have waded through many deep waters,

and have walked long in darkness; but I think the cause of this has often been because I placed too much stress on *frames and feelings*. * * *

When my body became so much afflicted, and I was convinced that the little health I had enjoyed was gone for life, the bitterness of my heart rose up—must I say it—against my good God!

I had opened a Sabbath School, for children who did not go to any Protestant place of worship. I went mostly among the Roman Catholics, because I understood them. Several teachers joined, and we chose Mr. —, a very pious young man, for superintendent. We opened with *one* little girl. The rest were somewhat discouraged; but I said, "Look upon that child as the first-fruits. It is a good cause, and cannot fall to the ground." We commenced on the ninth of May, and the next Fourth of July we went to the celebration with *over one hundred scholars*. I did not then think that God was laying me by, to fill my place more worthily; and my naturally active spirit could not bear to think of it. My heart yearned to do something

for Him who had done so much for me; and visiting these children, who were very poor, and many of them degraded in drunkenness, and vice, was my delight.

To be *laid aside* at 22, overwhelmed me with grief. A new idea now possessed me—it *was to learn to write*; and I prayed earnestly, that if it would be for His glory, that God would teach me how. I then tried to write my name. It looked to me something like writing. I tried again and again, until in a very short time others could read the most of what I wrote. I have kept on improving. I am very thankful that God taught me the use of the pen, bad as my writing is; but I often ask myself has it been for his glory? * * *

I know (and so do you) how ignorant I am. I often weep on this account; but writing has proved a greater blessing to my soul than I can express, having opened a way of instruction and encouragement to me. What has not God done for me? How have I returned his love and goodness?

I am often tempted to fretfulness; but thank God, *temptation is not sin*. What can

harm me, if I am a follower of Jesus? Nothing! What though I am afflicted: it is *only because I am loved with an everlasting love.* * * * We are the silver, affliction the furnace. Our dear Lord kindles the fire with the fuel of his love, but he sits by the crucible, and will not let it get too hot, lest the precious metal be consumed: neither too low, lest it be marred. He keeps his eye upon it, and as soon as he sees his own image reflected, the fire is extinguished. * * *

I fear, my dear friend, that I have imposed on your patience too severely. I do not remember what I said in my other letter, but this is much more full and particular. I have kept on filling sheet after sheet, till I confess I am ashamed of its bulk, and I shall have to enclose them in two wrappers. I hope it will give you a satisfactory account of my conversion, and that you will make allowance for its many defects, and great length. * * *

I am no better. My violent spells come much more frequently; but the Lord stands by me, and though my body is racked with pain, He grants me a peaceful mind.

God bless you and the little boys, prays
your thankful servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XXI.

Baltimore, Feb. 20, 1855.

My very dear Friend:—I once more attempt to write to you, sincerely hoping that yourself, children, grand-children, and the Misses ——, with the entire family are well; and that thy soul prospereth, and is in health. After all, this is the most important. The poor body is not much—only *a case to hold the jewel; a house for the tenant*. Its walls will soon fall, (mine are fast crumbling,) when the soul, glad of its release, will soon wing its way to its native heaven. I will soon *be of age*, when I shall enter upon my *inheritance*; and truly the thought of that inheritance should keep the mind constantly soaring upward, filled with love for the free and unmerited gift of Christ, who purchased for us, with His

own body, the glorious gift. Here we are like Him, only in part; there we shall be changed into His own image: and yet, unreasonable mortals, we fear to die. We naturally shrink from an *enemy*—and death, as the wages of sin, is indeed an enemy to *human nature*; but to speak of it as such to the child of God is too harsh. Death is his *birth-day*; he only then begins to live. It is his *vanquished* foe; and the eye that neither slumbers nor sleeps, watches over his precious dust. The grave cannot be a gloomy place, since the body of Jesus has sanctified and perfumed it. It cannot be dark, for Christ has there left a lamp for His chosen people. Decomposition may cause the friends to turn away; but the seed corn will spring up, blooming in immortal youth and beauty. * * * Christ died, that we might live forever, basking in His smile, and shining in His brightness; but the grave is the door, through which we must go; death the valley we must pass, to glory. If we had our choice, to go to heaven by this, or some other way, methinks, I would say, “Let me follow after Jesus. He will not leave me to walk alone.

He will conduct me safely; and though the valley be dark, I shall hear a sweet voice, saying, 'Daughter, fear not; lean upon me. My strong arm bears thee up, and thou shalt soon see the blaze of eternal day.' "

* * * * *

LETTER XXII.

Baltimore, May 29, 1855.

My dear Friend: Once again, through the goodness and mercy of God, I undertake to write, though I hardly know what to say. Wave after wave has rolled over my soul, until (in a spiritual sense) I hardly know whether or not I have any life abiding in me. I was never in a more troubled state of mind than now. How well does Satan know my weak points, and where to make his attacks. I cannot avoid asking if it is indeed needful for me thus to walk in darkness, hedged in by doubts, fears, perplexity and sorrow; and yet, if it was not, surely a good and merciful God would not permit these dreaded seasons.

The disciples would willingly have stayed on the Mount of Transfiguration; they found it good to be there; but they must descend into the plains below, to learn through suffering, that they were still encompassed by flesh, and retained a deceitful heart in the midst of an enemy's country.

The blessed Jesus was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; endured temptation, not the mere form. His humanity required prayer: yea, He poured out his soul with strong crying and tears. Shall the servant be above his Lord? Oh no! I ask not for *exemption*; but where is He whom my soul loveth?

“The weight I feel may be,
A proof of love displayed.
Perchance an angel's holy hand,
Upon my breast is laid,
To keep its earth-born throbbings down,
Lest they might shake my blood-bought crown.

Oh! if I only knew,
That this indeed were so:
Could I be sure, the heaviness
Through which I mourning go,
Were but the promised cross of Christ,
My pain should be my Eucharist.”

I have often felt, when a cloud has broken, and I have seen that my Saviour's smiling face had been all the while behind it, that I could never again doubt; but after a while, another cloud would lower, and then my soul would begin to tremble just as before. I can endure anything while I see Jesus; but when he disappears, my strength departs, and I am left as one half dead—not *quite* dead, for I still have His word. This precious lamp gives at all times the same steady light; and although I cannot at all times see with the same clearness, I know that it is as *unchangeable as the faithfulness of God*. Though surrounded by difficulties, there is great sweetness in trusting the Lord, and casting all our care upon Him, who never yet said, "Seek ye my face in vain." *He knows what every member of his body bears*,* and graciously opens his ear of love and mercy

* The *sympathy* of Jesus is wonderful. Some one has said that when Paul was persecuting the Church on earth, he trod upon *one of the toes* of the body of Christ; but Jesus himself, the head of that body, felt it in heaven, and said, "Paul, Paul, why persecutest thou *Me*?"

to their cry of distress. There is always balm in Gilead; and the physician there is always ready to heal every wound.

Chastisement is a mark of discipleship—of sonship; “for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.” Had I ten thousand bodies, I would cheerfully lay them all under the rod of God, if he required it, saying, “Good is the will of the Lord concerning me.”

* * * I have the witness of the Spirit, that my beloved is mine, and that I am His, by adoption and grace. I find Christ a goodly, satisfying portion; and the more I suffer, the more I cling to my God and Saviour. Let Him be glorified, and his poor worm does, and will rejoice.

* * * * *

I fear that I have made my letter too long. Do not think that I have assumed the office of teacher. I have thought that you were *being tried in some way*; and if I have said anything to afford you the least comfort, *do not despise the instrument, but give God the glory*

It is very kind in you, my dear Madam, to indulge me so in writing to you. It is

my daily prayer that heaven's choicest blessings may rest on you and yours.

Please remember me to the Misses ——. I have hoped that they would honour me with a few lines; and then, I could not fail to gain instruction and encouragement. I am a poor worm, and need all *the helps* I can get, while Christ is the rock on which I build.

Your humble servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XXIII.

Baltimore, Sept. 23, 1855.

My dear Friend:—It is nearly a week since I received your welcome letter and enclosure, which I would have answered sooner, if I had been able to handle the pen. * * *

I must now give the reason for my mistake, in regard to the length of time between your previous letters. I always keep the one last received, near me, and put the

previous one away. By mistake, that written in March, was laid by, instead of the one received in January. This will explain, and I hope you will pardon the mistake.

* * * We are glad that you enjoyed your summer tour. How much of God's wisdom, goodness, and greatness, we may read in the works of creation; and then, how it lifts the heart in gratitude to be able to say, "This is the handiwork of *my Father*. How God has beautified the earth for rebellious, ungrateful man!"

We were much pleased to learn of Mrs. ——'s good health. It must be a great trial to Miss —— to be deprived of the use of her eyes. How grateful should I be, for the kind indulgence of God to me in this respect. * * *

My confidence is often quite strong, that God will give you your heart's desire, respecting the little boys. I generally have much freedom while holding them up before the Lord of Hosts. God is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God; and he has said, "Where two of you agree together, as touching anything that ye ask, it

shall be done." *How positive the promise, and how faithful the promiser!* * * *

A few days since, Mrs. F—— requested the Rev. Mr. R——, to call and see if he could render me any help. He offered very kindly, and yet I could not say, Yes, although at the time poverty was pinching tightly. I have often been asked this question, when there was not a stick of wood in the house, nor any money to get medicine; but as yet, I have not been able to overcome my dislike of troubling others.

I was deeply moved at Mr. R——,s manner, and felt as if I could get at his feet. May God bless Mrs. F—— for thinking of me!

When I consider former trials I cannot help praying to be delivered for the time to come; yet I submit to the will of God. His grace has supported me hitherto, and will still be sufficient. * * * May bright beams from the Sun of Righteousness brighten our pilgrimage, warm our hearts, and cheer our souls, in this state of trial. Christ is the *power of God*. He is also the *power of the children of God*. We are going through the wilderness, leaning on the Be-

loved. Yes, *leaning*, with all our cares, sorrows, disappointments and deprivations—our weakness, insufficiency, and helplessness—still *leaning on the Beloved*.

* * * * *

LETTER XXIV.

Baltimore, Nov. 19, 1855.

My dear Friend:—Great suffering has prevented me from writing sooner; but thank God! if I cannot use the pen, I can lift up my heart in prayer for my kind friends. * * *

Clouds of dark providence thicken round my path; the stormy night of affliction still abides with me; but blessed be God, who doeth all things well, faith steers the tempest-tossed and storm-beaten bark. *Faith can look above the providence, to the promise.* * * *

Never is the word of God sweeter than when all things appear against me, and faith enables me to say, "I am not alone,

for the Father is with me." If my *weak* faith soothes almost every moment of my painful pilgrimage, how must it be with those who are *strong in the faith*?

Often, I see none but my own family for many weeks, and none with whom I can speak of the things which lie nearest my heart; but it is then that my Father comforts the solitude of his child, and his presence bids loneliness depart.

Does my heart want a place of repose? Jesus invites me to his own bosom! Do I want some one to love me? Jesus is the "friend who sticketh closer than a brother!" He is the friend born for adversity. * * * I long for the perfect rest of heaven: I long to look upon Him who died for me. My sweetest moments now, are those spent in communion with the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost. I am often permitted to draw near to God, as a *friend with friend*. He bids me ask him what I will, and I seek a *child's portion*. I am trying to live for Christ and heaven; and though everything I do bears the mark of imperfection, Christ's perfect righteousness covers all. I am ac-

cepted in the Beloved.* Thanks be unto God for Christ my salvation! * * *

Mrs. F—— has been again to see me, and asked to know just what I wanted. I stood in need of much, for it has been a good while since I have had anything made to wear, and I use a great deal of muslin. I only told her of Canton flannel, which she was kind enough to send me at once. She also gave me some money. The Rev. Mr. R—— left me two dollars, about a month ago. He is Mrs. F——'s pastor, and a most excellent man.

You can hardly think how much my faith and patience are often tested; but it is all right. The Lord is my *Shepherd*. My cancer and heart are both very painful. Disease grows upon me; but the end is hasten-

* "*Accepted in the Beloved.*" This is a most beautiful and glorious truth. "Accepted" occurs only in one other place in the New Testament—viz., in Luke i. 28, where the Angel Gabriel said to Mary, "Hail, thou that art '*highly favoured*!'" It is the same word. Mary was highly favoured, distinguished in being made the instrument of bringing the Lord Jesus into the world. So with all the people of God. They are *distinguished above others* in riches and sovereignty of God's grace.

ing, when this restless body will quietly sleep in the grave, and my soul be with Jesus.

May the Lord bless you; also the little boys, and all the family.

Your thankful servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XXV.

Baltimore, Jan. 2, 1856.

My dear Friend:—I hope that you will not think me negligent. I have been too ill to write. Oh! what this body suffers! and yet, although I have cause to sing of *judgment*, I have far more to sing of *mercy*. The goodness of God abounds towards me; in that he gives me that peace, which the worldling knows nothing of. *If Christ speaks peace, it matters little what else speaks trouble.* * * *

It seems to me, that God displays much mercy in keeping us ignorant of the future. Did we see the sorrows, sufferings, and

trials which are before us, we would be almost crushed. How wise and good is God in all his dealings with us!

The Lord Jesus is my strength and life. He is the horn of the altar to which I hold. *I cannot be slain there.* He has not only reconciled God to me, *but me to God*, and to all that is His. His name, his glory, his word, his day, his people, his will,—all are mine; for I am Christ's, and Christ is God's. What, then, can separate me? Not all the powers of earth and hell combined! If the Son has made me free, I am free indeed!

Blessed freedom! free from the *guilt of past sin*; free from the *power and dominion of sin*; free from all *slavish fear of mind, or conscience.* * * *

The way to heaven is a *constant battle*; but Jesus is both our Captain and our Banner. He has promised to make a way of escape in every trial; and surely he has and ever will be true to his promise.

The New Year finds me happy in the favour of God. My faith of assurance was never more clear; my faith of acceptance never more unwavering. I do *know* that I

am the Lord's, and that He is mine. Oh! that I loved him more fervently, and served him more faithfully. Yet, blessed be his name, my services are accepted in the Beloved. Jesus is my *only hope; but he is enough.*

My body often makes me hope that the day of my salvation is near; that deliverance will soon come; yet, unless my heart greatly deceives me, I am willing to abide my good Lord's good pleasure, convinced that He will not suffer the flame to burn one moment longer than is needful. Oh! it is sweet to feel his will be done! To see, and *where we cannot see, believe* that the finger of God is mixing every bitter draught. *Grace can do this, and more.*

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LETTER XXVI.

Baltimore, Jan. 13, 1856.

My very dear Friend:—I received your welcome letter and enclosure last evening, for which I give you many, very many thanks. You are indeed kind. I have no doubt that Heaven will reward you richly, for does not Christ look upon your kindness, as done to Himself. “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto *the least* of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

Yes, my dear friend, religion alone can sustain us amid the trials of life. How could I bear this weight of suffering, if I did not know Christ to be *my own* Saviour? I cannot look upon the hour, when I was free from pain; yet I do not feel unhappy while I hear my Saviour say, “It is I.” With the *why* and the *wherefore* I have *nothing to do*. Though mine be a solitary way of weariness, it is the way my Father leads me: then, it must be the *right* way. Oh! that I may be enabled to look away from every earthly object to Jesus only—

the greatness of his love, salvation, and grace. But we are so *earthly*, so prone to look *down*, when we should look *up* to the Rock that is higher than we. Yet, although our carnal nature is ever earthward; thank God! there is that within us, which delights only in the heavenly; and we are told that we shall not be put to confusion, nor be made ashamed of the confidence we place in Jesus: neither will He be ashamed to own his chosen children. * * *

It has often seemed that God would subdue me, not by *judgments*, as he justly might have done, but by *mercies*, and loving-kindness. He does many things to prove us, and to show us what is in our hearts, that we may renounce all dependence upon, or in ourselves.

God only, knows how much I desire the salvation of my family. I often ask myself, if my example has been a hindrance to them. I try to make religion appear lovely, and God's grace all-sufficient. Oh! that God would answer my prayers, and draw them by his power; for in the day of his power they *shall be made willing*. I

leave them in His hands. The work and power is all his own, yet I will not cease to hold them up before the Lord; and may I ask the same of you, for the truth says, "Where two of you agree together, as touching anything ye ask, it shall be done."

I have not seen Mrs. F—— for some weeks; but I must tell you what she did about New Year's day. I had but a few little sticks of wood, and had just said to mother that I must save them, for fear some person would come in, when a young gentleman knocked at the door, and asked if I lived there. Mother told him that I did; he then said, that Mrs. F—— had ordered some wood to be sent to me, already sawed. Oh! but I felt thankful; for then, and all night before, I had been terribly cramped from cold. Whenever it has been possible, I have been obliged this winter to keep a fire at night. I sleep so little, and if only my hands get cold, it cramps them severely. Indeed, I have blessed my benefactress very often: it was so kind in her to think of one so far beneath her.

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LETTER XXVII.

Baltimore, Feb. 15, 1856.

My dear Friend:—I fear you will think me negligent; but I have not written, because I have not had the power; yet I am often surprised at what I accomplish. I think that few persons blacken over more paper than I do. If I obeyed every demand made upon me, I would have to possess, not only far greater mental gifts, but a strong, healthy body, and two pairs of hands. Persons who have never seen me (nor can I tell how they ever heard of such a poor creature) send, desiring me to write on this, that, and the other subject. I cannot help thinking them unreasonable; for I am always suffering; and I am poor, and paper costs something. Again, they are strangers to me, and must have heard of me as a *religious* character. How, then, can they suppose that I would write on any other than a religious subject, even if I had the ability? I do not hesitate about giving many a denial; but I make religious ques-

tions a matter of prayer, and when the Lord teaches me what to write, I let them have it, in His name. I assure you, my dear friend, that a package never leaves the house, be it letter, or otherwise, but I feel humbled; yet, if God wills that I should thus confess Him, I dare not refuse. I have examined my heart closely, and believe that it is His glory I seek. Is not *all* power His, and cannot He bless the weakest effort? When I reflect upon his love and goodness, I feel as if I could face the world to declare his name; and that if I held my peace, the very walls would cry out against me.

I am sometimes asked by visitors, if I am suffering. It was thus yesterday, when even to answer gave me pain. Why am I asked this question? Must I fill the ear with complaint? The Lord keep me from it! I think that which is the *greatest*, should be talked of the most. So, while God's love, goodness, and grace far exceed anything I can possibly suffer, I dare not fill my precious moments with complainings. Would to God, that I bore my suf-

ferings more cheerfully! Surely, by this time, my lips, my pen, my actions, countenance and all, should show entire resignation; but oh! I am so slow to learn of Christ! yet God enables me to suffer, as seeing Him who is invisible. Faith, precious *gift of God!* can go to Him in loneliness, lay her head upon his bosom, and weep away her sorrows. Christ will not cast us off, but press us more closely to the heart which bled for us.

What though the warfare be dark, and sometimes doubtful. It is ordained by Him who gave his life a proof of his love. He numbers my days, my pains, my tears, my trials, and my sorrows. All, then, is just as it should be—yes, *the best it possibly could be*, since it is not only ordained by infinite wisdom, but everlasting love. I am a homeward-bound pilgrim, travelling to Mount Zion—"to the city which hath foundation." Neither do I travel alone. My Saviour is with me; and though I am shut out from the world and the precious means of grace, solitude is not without its sweets. *My Father has brought me into the wilderness, to*

*speak with me alone.** How often I think of the words of Christ, "I am not alone; because the Father is with me." Though I often sigh for human companionship, and feel the want of *outward* helps, *my God never fails.*

I have adopted a plan for which I am very thankful. I find it a blessed help. It is to read the psalms and lessons, appointed for each day in the "Book of Common Prayer." I am sometimes deprived of this privilege, on account of the smallness of the print in my book; and some persons object, and ask, "Why not read your Bible at once?" I always reply, that I can find the Scriptures in the lids of the Prayer-Book, as well as anywhere else; and besides, I there have the advantage of the Collects. Then again, it seems as if the psalm and lesson of each day *just suited me each day.* Let others say what they will about it, I hope to use it while I live.

* * * * *

* It has been well said, That God gives his children *private lessons.* He never teaches *in classes.*

LETTER XXVIII.

Baltimore, March 29, 1856.

Be assured my dear friend, that it has been impossible for me to write, or the pleasant duty would have been fulfilled.

Jack Frost has shown his attachment to me, by kissing my hands, and in the heat of his affection, has bitten both my thumbs,* especially my right one, with which I have suffered so much, that I really thought for a time, I should have the lock-jaw. Besides this I have been suffering greatly from disease. Oh, what this body passes through is only known to my heavenly Father, whose goodness and mercy still follow me. Unworthy as I am, He for whose sake all mercy is bestowed, is fully worthy. I think that it will be one cause of joy in heaven to find that all we have, here or there, is given for Christ's sake. Blessed

* This may give some idea of the intense suffering from various causes which this poor saint had to undergo, and yet how cheerful and happy withal. It is a *lesson* for us.

be God! for the gift of Jesus, whose righteousness is ours for justification; whose blood is ours for reconciliation; whose sufferings and death are our atonement. He is a worthy portion: the satisfying portion of the inner man: none else can satisfy it; none else answer its necessities, supply its needs, or fulfill its desires; none else can bestow true peace, lasting happiness or that solid joy which leaves no sting behind. *Give me Christ, and though I die for want of food or raiment, yet am I rich,* having all that is worth one moment of anxious thought. How close the connection between Christ and the believer! What power is sufficient to pluck us out of his hands? Are the stars immoveably fixed? yea; the whole bright train wonderfully fixed in empty space? Is the earth hung upon nothing, yet its foundations sure? It is because they hang upon His word, who said, "I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee by the right hand of my power!" What greater pledge can we ask for our security? It seems to me that we could not ask a more satisfying promise than this; and this is but one gem out of many. But poor,

weak impotent man distrusts the fountain of truth. Well is it for us, that we have a merciful High Priest, an advocate with the Father—the great Paschal Lamb sacrificed for us. Look at John the Baptist! See his beaming countenance; and hear his voice tremulous with love and wonder, as with pointed finger, he cries, “Behold the Lamb of God!” The Paschal Lamb, must be a *male* lamb; Christ was the *Son* of God: he must be without *blemish*; Christ was *absolute purity* and *perfection*. The male lamb denotes *strength*; Christ is all powerful, “able to save unto the uttermost all who come to God by Him,” and none have power to pluck the purchase of his blood, from out of his hands—not even, for a moment. The lamb must be but one year old, offered in its strength: Christ died before he was forty, in the prime of his manhood. Oh! what travail of soul was crowded into those few years, and all for us!

Precious Jesus! Why do I not love thee, ten thousand times ten thousand more? Canst thou indeed cherish so unworthy a worm as I? Wilt thou indeed dwell in a heart that beats not more warmly for thee?

Why am I not sick of love? How is it, that I can see, feel or hear anything but the silvery music of thy voice? Bid me away from earth, self, sense; and through the glass of faith, clear and unwavering, let me gaze only upon thee!

Strengthen my wings that I may mount and be lost in thee! Blessed Lamb! let me be owned by thee—then I shall never be put to shame. Let me be defended by thee—then I shall never be afraid. Fold me beneath the banner of thy cross! Help me always to flee for refuge to thy bleeding bosom—thy wounds my hiding place!

Arise, my soul! no longer grovel on the low grounds of earth. Ascend! and keep ascending, Christ thy way, thy ladder, and thy door!

* * * * *

LETTER XXIX.

Baltimore, Sept. 4, 1856.

My dear Friend:—Once more I trouble you with a few lines, hoping that yourself and family are in good health. My mother is not well; she is suffering much from difficulty of breathing. My uncle, who called on you some time since, is in a dying condition. Mother and he have greatly desired to see each other; but it is impossible. This is a great grief, and what grieves my mother grieves me; the more because she knows not the blessing of laying her sorrows at the feet of Jesus, and seeking that consolation in the Crucified, which extracts the bitterest sting from every trial.

My sufferings are very great; but so are my blessings. My heavenly Father deals graciously with me, not putting more upon me than he enables me to bear; not more than he turns into a blessing, far more to be desired than bodily ease. To obtain ease, we may use all lawful means, but what cannot be thus obtained, we must patiently

endure, for then it bears a very broad stamp of God's will. As Gideon took briers and thorns in the wilderness, to teach the men of Succoth, who refused to be taught by fairer means—so the Lord uses the sharp thorns of affliction and sorrow to teach us his statutes when we refuse to learn by milder methods. God takes no pleasure in afflicting his creatures. We should thank him for using the rod, when he designs such gracious ends, for “all things shall work together for good to them that love God.” Blessed promise! the bitterest shall yield the sweetest; out of my sorrow, shall spring pleasure; out of my seeming, (for it is seeming) misfortune shall come great blessing. All springs from love; *love high as heaven, and broad as eternity.* * * *

For some two weeks I thought assuredly that my warfare was nearly ended, and looked every moment for the messenger to bring me the welcome news of my release—but he yet tarries. It is delightful to think of being near my home, I long to see Him whom my soul loveth. Oh! blessed hour, when I shall lay aside this troublesome

body, and awake in glory to enjoy the presence of Christ forever without a veil to intercept my gaze. Yet, I must wait patiently till I hear my Father's voice, bidding me come up higher."

God grant that you and yours may enjoy repeated foretastes while passing through this wilderness; and then, bask in the light of your Saviour's smile, and receive from his hand your crowns of glory. My love to the children. I hope they are all your fond heart can desire. Be so kind as to remember me to the Misses —— and all the family. I have not heard from Mrs. F——; and begin to fear that my letters were not acceptable.

I would not willingly intrude, but I should like to hear from her. I cannot cease to love those who have been so kind to me, and while life lasts, she shall have my feeble prayers. God bless you all.

Your humble servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XXX.

Baltimore, Nov. 6, 1856.

My dear Friend:—Please pardon me for troubling you. I would thank you very much to hand the enclosed letter to Mrs. F——, as I have not her direction. I was very glad to hear from her last week. She is indeed kind to write to me. I often wonder why every one treats me so kindly; but it is the Lord who disposes the hearts of all men, and I thank Him for it.

My body is still racked by suffering; but *as a child creeping up to its parent, so I have gotten closer to Christ.* He covers me with His feathers, and under His wings I can trust. The storm, thank God, is passing over.

God bless you and yours, prays,

Your humble servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XXXI.

Baltimore, April 12, 1857.

My dear, kind Friend:—I would have written ere this, but I have had the most severe spell that I have known for five years. I do not think that any mortal could suffer more. It is an humbling thought, that the merciful Lord should see it needful thus to scourge us, that he may bring and keep us where we ought to be. What a mercy that he will use any means to do this! Did they answer his divine purpose, God would rather employ mercies. "*Judgments are his strange acts.*" Did not his word tell us this, our experience would; for goodness has followed us all our life long, and every suffering has beneath it the inscription, "God is love." Even the death of our dear Saviour did not *purchase* that love.* It was the *fruit*, not the

* It is wonderful to see what clear, broad views Rachel had of the grace and gospel of God. She understood that the death of Christ was *but the manifestation* of that which never had a beginning—even the

price of it; for if God had not loved us, his beloved Son had not suffered. Christ's death opened the way through which the Father's love flows to us.

Shall we, then, doubt his love, because of trial and suffering? Oh no! It may be that his ever-watchful eye saw us on the brink of ruin, and *roughened our path to keep our feet from slipping.* * * *

Wonder of wonders, the God of glory drank the very dregs of the cup, which we only taste; and then, the purity of His nature made His sufferings all the more bitter. But we must not think of this only. We must bear in mind the *causes, principles,* and *motives* which led Him into them. Although his sufferings were life-long; although he was *amazed*, and very sorrowful; none but the closing scene extorted the bitter cry—none except the desertion of his Father. We know that there was no guilt to cause it, and it was more than he could silently endure. Is it not so with the members of Christ? What suffering is to be

love of God. Blessed be God, the Spirit is able and willing to lead into *all* truth.

compared with the hiding of the Father's face? If God smiles, my burden is light and my cross welcome.

In our case, it is the corruption of our hearts which hides from us the lovely image we would fain always see; but even in *this* trial, there is love and mercy. I speak my deliberate conviction, when I say, *I believe that trials of every description are worthy of a place among God's greatest mercies*; and you know, my dear friend, that I am no stranger to suffering of both body and mind; to trials of almost every kind; one of which, I regard as the most bitter that can befall a woman. But I believe it is all in mercy; and where I cannot see, *I will still believe it.*

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LETTER XXXII.

Baltimore, May 8, 1857.

My dear Friend:—I fear that you will think me negligent; but *only my hand* refused. My heart is always ready to obey my will in this respect. I cannot always write, but I can always (or nearly so) lift up my heart to God, although constant suffering often drags me into a dull, languid condition, which unfits me for prayer and communion with the Lord. The fire of love seems almost extinguished, her altars thrown down, and her temple deserted of all holy emotion. But it is only seemingly so; for Christ will never desert the heart that is anxious to detain him as its Lord and King. Still, there are seasons, when Satan takes the advantage, and attacks our weak points. He is a wakeful enemy, and I wish I were as watchful over my heart as he is. Yet there is one comfort. Sin once proceeded from within; now it is from without my heart. Blessed be God! I am no longer a servant to Satan, for Christ has set

me free, and I find his service one of perfect freedom, his yoke easy, and his burden light. It is our sins—wherein we are galled and hindered—sin that hides the bright image we so much wish to see in our hearts. How often do I complain,

“Thou tarriest while I die
And fall to nothing; Thou dost reign
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief; yet am I styled
Thy child.”

Can it be that I, who have so little of the heavenly now, can ever enjoy heaven? Can I, who have so little communion with Christ here, ever expect to spend an eternity of converse with Him? Why this wandering mind, this coldness, this lukewarmness? Oh, how surely would I be lost, *if in any way*, I had to be saved by the law of works, or merit of my own! Thank God! it is not thus. *Christ, and Christ only*, is the sinner's hope and salvation. Our love to Him will produce obedience; and if we love *much*, we will delight not only to do those things which are *expressly commanded*, but we will seek to do

whatever we think will please Him. If we love *little*, (and *little* is the most,) we will obey *only wherein we fear to disobey*. Oh! for that glad obedience which draws out all the soul! How humiliating, when at the throne of grace, to be unable to rise above ourselves! What a *clog* is the flesh to the soul! How it keeps it down to the earth, even when we are most anxious to rise above it!

“Though I fall, and weep;
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I *creep*,
To the throne of grace!”

Yes, and sometimes *drag* there. Nothing discourages me more than this terrible coldness in prayer; but, *I would not have a flame of my own kindling*. No, let mine be *the kindling of the Holy Spirit!* It is not *necessary* to have just these feelings, although it is pleasant. It often comforts me to know that I come not *of myself* to the throne of grace. It is not the natural man which leads or inclines to pray. It is God who draws us to the blood-bought mercy-seat. And why? Not to mock us! Oh no! He leads us to pray for mercy and

blessing, that He may "do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think." Not that we need *inform* Him; for he knows us and our wants, far better than we do. Nay, *we should never see our poverty and emptiness, did He not mercifully show them to us.* He gives us a sight of *ourselves*, our sickness, and its cure; our poverty, and the true riches; our emptiness, and Christ's fullness; the filthy rags of our own righteousness, and the spotless covering Christ has wrought for us.

I remain, dear Madam,

Your humble servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XXXIII.

Baltimore, June 17, 1857.

My dear Friend:—I did not think, when I last wrote, that so long a time would elapse before you heard from me again ; but suffering of body and mind has rendered me unfit for anything but pleading with God. We have been very near losing my sister. She took a violent cold when her infant was four weeks old, and was so ill that the physicians despaired of her life. Although she lives but one square from here, I could not get to see her. Oh ! what I suffered, and yet, I could not give her up. When they told me that her speech was gone ; it seemed as if I must die. I suffer very much from the enlargement of my heart, even when my mind is calm ; but I then got out of bed, down upon the floor, and if ever a soul pleaded with God, I did ; and he graciously heard the voice of my weeping, dried all my tears, and calmed my troubled mind.

I rose from prayer, assured that He would restore my sister ; and although my mother knew nothing of my wrestling with God, she told me afterwards that she felt the same conviction, at about the same time. The next day my sister could see, speak and move her limbs ; and she is still improving. * * *

What a glorious privilege is that of prayer ! To be able to tell God all our sorrows, knowing that He bends his ear of pity over us ! What blessing is there, which faith cannot bring down. "*All things are possible to him that believeth.*" What a liberty is that of the believer ! Would that I more and more availed myself of *all purchased by the blood of Christ.* * * *

Never was my faith more severely tried than for the last two months ; yet I know that God will withhold no good thing from his people.

We desire to be made whole, but we loathe the bitter medicine, and too often doubt the skill of the great physician, who knows and appoints just what we need. Blessed be God ! for the gift of his dear Son, *who perfects, and then presents* all we

desire or do, unto his Father; who accepts us and imputes the Saviour's perfect work to us. What a glorious, full and sufficient Saviour is Christ! Oh! that my soul, and the souls of all men might flow forth to Him! We will praise his Name, that we love Him *even a little*, and hope that we shall yet love Him *as we ought*.

We hope that you are all well. Remember us to Mrs. P—— and the Misses W——. I trust the boys are improving their advantages: God bless them, and their parents. May every blessing be yours.

Your humble servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XXXIV.

Baltimore, July 22, 1857.

My dear Friend:—It is time that I had answered your kind letter, and acknowledged your generous gift. I thank you very much for both.

I have had a very severe spell, and am still suffering acutely. You may indeed say that Mr. D—— has been kind to me. I had a letter from him some time since. It is not often that I hear from him, but his letters are great treasures; so full of instruction and encouragment; nor has his kindness in other respects stopped. He still sees that I get eight dollars a month which generally goes for the same things. I give mother one dollar for my room; this helps her a little—then two for my washing and ironing—then my medicine costs from three to four dollars every month; last week it amounted to one dollar and a half. I am obliged to have so many different things, and my bad spells come so frequently. I cannot eat the food prepared for the table,

nor can I expect my mother to get me any other kind, so that I am obliged for two weeks or a month, to procure on credit, and then, when the money comes, it takes nearly all to pay up. To owe anything is a great trouble to me. I used to do light sewing, but for a long time I have not been able—our own must be done, as far as possible; but unless you could see and feel, it would be impossible for you to know the dreadful suffering this exertion causes. Sometimes I undertake crochet work, but it takes me a long time to get through a piece on account of my body. If I could work regularly at it, I could do very well, for I can make almost any thing in this line. I have now a shawl on hand.

My mother never knows when I need; Why should I trouble her? Mr. —— is indeed kind to me. It was through him, that my bed was sent me six years ago. I always feel as if I could not ask enough for him and his, in prayer—indeed for any of those who have been kind to me; and I believe that my prayers will be answered. * *

There is nothing that so much makes me wish to die, as my dependent condition; al-

though I believe that whatever I receive is given most freely; and I know of nothing which so draws out my love to God, who moves the hearts of his children, with kindness to this worm. * * *

God gives me grace, even when most sorely tried, (and it is no light trial to be in want, without the means of satisfying it,) to cast my care on Him, without one anxious thought. The body feels, but the mind is kept calm—this is a great mercy; indeed none ever had greater cause to say, “Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.” * * *

I have been trying to give myself anew to God, and believe that He has accepted the mean offering for the Saviour’s sake. * *

My mother is very sick.

* * * * *

LETTER XXXV.

Baltimore, Sept. 6, 1857.

My dear kind Friend:—You readily perceive that death has entered our little family. Yes; and has singled out the one we could least spare—our dear mother. Oh! this is indeed a bitter cup.

The horse got very much frightened by a kite flying in its face, when coming home from market. This so alarmed my mother, that it seemed impossible for her to get over it. She had been very weak for some time, but a cough now set in, with great oppression of the chest. We did not then know, that her heart was diseased. She had suffered with it at times, but we thought it only a nervous affection. Oh! how she suffered from Sunday, until Friday, the 14th of August, when her soul departed as calmly as an infant falls asleep.

Oh! my dear friend, I thought *my* soul would have gone too! Can it be that I have no mother? Alas! my bleeding heart tells me that it is too true. If I were in

health, I could hardly bear it; but in my condition, none can supply her place. You cannot think how much I miss her in my lonely hours of suffering!

Is it possible that I can only be saved in the *hottest fires*? Humiliating thought, that since a young girl, God has seen it *needful* to plunge me in the deepest suffering and sorrow! * * *

I have suffered a twofold trial; for the enemy has come upon me with hellish force. I seem to have lost *my Saviour*; as well as my mother—I cannot weep! My brain is burning; my heart bursting, and my intellect on the borders of destruction. * * *

Religion is indeed a glorious treasure! When do we feel its preciousness so much as in seasons of deep sorrow? Ah! then we know the value of trust in God. Trials often throw a light on Holy Writ, and enable us, by the power of God's Spirit, to see truths we never saw before, and discover beauties we never knew were there.

Our blessed Lord has asked us, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I drink of?" and, we answer, "We are able," but when it is presented, we loathe the bitter draught.

Yet He who sees the end from the beginning knows that it is needful.

* * * * *

Will you pardon me, if I ask you to add a mite to your other many kindnesses? I stand responsible for fifty-three dollars, which I must pay before I can have rest. I will do what I can with my hands—but it is not much; only a little crochet work, now and then.

I have made the same request of Mrs. F——. Mr. —— sent me twenty dollars yesterday. *I wept for joy.* It was more than kind, and leaves me only thirty-three dollars to pay. * * *

The cavities of my heart are very much enlarged; indeed, all my diseases seem aggravated. I try to be calm, but confess that I cannot. Death looks very near.

Your humble servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XXXVI.

Baltimore, Sept. 15, 1857.

I this day received your kind letter. What shall I say, to you, my dear friend, and to the Misses — for your great kindness. I did not expect such a deliverance. Why am I so poor at thanks, when I feel so much? Never before did I so wish to expose my heart to the eyes of others; and yet, I can only say God bless you (and he will,) “a hundred fold in this life, and in that which is to come.”

I cannot tell you how painfully I miss my mother; and then, the only source of comfort in her death is denied me. There are many things which cause me to *hope*; but if I had even one word of assurance that she had found forgiveness through Christ, I could be glad that she was at rest.

I can but leave it all in the hands of Him, without whom, not a sparrow falls to the ground, and who delights in mercy, not in judgment. * * *

Although I have much cause for sorrow, the Lord gives me also, great cause for thankfulness. Last week I proposed to my brother and sister, that we should have family worship. They readily consented, but I felt the cross heavy, for I knew that the prayer would devolve on me, and as they like extempore prayers, I greatly felt my deficiency. However, I sought strength where alone it can be found ; and although I felt sure that my brother (who is of a lively turn,) would do, or say something, I determined not to draw back, for the sake of my feelings, or the suggestions of the enemy. While I was reading, he would now and then say something so dry, that I could not have kept my countenance, if the cross had been less heavy. When prayers were over, he slipped out of the room instantly ; I afterwards learned that he was weeping. He has attended the church to which I belong during the week, and last night went forward to be prayed for. His convictions of sin are deep and pungent, which I think is generally the case, when *very moral* persons are brought to see their necessity of a change of heart ; when their

sandy foundation of morality fails, and they find themselves exposed to the wrath of God.

My sister also, seems to have started anew for heaven. Long have I prayed for those near and dear to me, by the ties of nature; and now, when I had almost despaired, God is graciously answering. The tears long since bottled in heaven are now dropping in mercy. * * *

I was obliged to lay by my letter, on account of a severe nervous headache, and to day received yours of yesterday. I am so well known to the different carriers, that if my name only is on the letter, I am sure to receive it, even though it should be otherwise misdirected. * * *

My brother has not yet found peace in believing. It is now three days since he could either eat or sleep; indeed, he is quite sick from agitation of mind. I was in the same way for nearly a month, and my dear mother would say, "*Rachel you must stop going among the Methodists; they are setting you crazy.*" It was not that however; it was because, I saw my true charac-

ter, and was unwilling to be saved on *gospel terms*.

The *freeness of salvation*, and the *simplicity of the way*, are repulsive to the natural man, who would fain *bring something* to recommend him to Christ.

* * * * *

LETTER XXXVII.

Baltimore, Nov. 15, 1857.

My dear kind Friend:—We hope that yourself and family are well. Health is a precious boon amid the trials of this wilderness warfare; but like almost every other blessing, we do not appreciate it, until deprived of it. * * *

Oh! what a season of trial I have had since the fourteenth day of last August, when my mother was taken from me. As to *outward* things, I may truly say, all things are against me; but blessed be my faithful covenant-keeping God, while the *body* is made to suffer, my *soul* can rest in

the Lord. Suppose that I had everything needful for the wants of my body, and not my God; what a pitiable wretch would I be! But now, though all else fails, I can turn within, and find the sweet consolations of the Comforter: not always indeed by *feeling*; but always by *faith*. I know that all things are appointed by Him who cannot err. Oh! *for grace to kiss the thorn as well as the flower; to love the bitter as well as the sweet. Not the thorn as a thorn; nor the bitter as bitter; but the WILL that wills them.* In those things which are pleasant, how readily we discern the hand of an indulgent Father! Why not then in those things which are painful? All is tended by the same love; all directed by the same hand. Does an earthly parent only love his child, when he lets that child see him smiling? Far from it; never does a kind parent love his child so truly as when he sees it needful, and chastises it.

Until I am lost in God's will, it is my prayer that he would use any means which will help me towards this end. Let me have anything but sin. God is my witness, that *I do not seek exemption from trial, but grace to bear it, to the glory of God.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

Baltimore, March 4, 1858.

My dear Friend:—I would have answered your kind letter, and acknowledged the welcome enclosure before this, if I could have done so; but it found me in a paroxysm of pain, and soon after I had a hæmorrhage of the bowels which the doctor thought would end in death. May God in mercy spare me from another such attack!

I do not know what has come over me. I feel without God, and without hope in the world. The state of my mind is better expressed by Lam. iii. 1-18, than anything else. When I think how earnestly I prayed for my father and mother—not that their lives should be spared, but that they might seek a saving interest in the blood of Christ, and see themselves descending the dark valley, and death coming to them openly. When I think of this, and then remember that not in one case only, but in both death was allowed to wrap around them his cold arms, before we thought of danger:

I cannot reconcile these things. God has said that he "willeth not the death of a sinner," and that he will answer prayer; yet I prayed, *agonized* with Him, and still they were permitted to sink into a stupor, and thus to die. * * *

I know the thought will occur to you, that I have mistaken the nature of prayer; that the desire, to be accepted, must be expressed in unison with God's will. But it seems to me, that their salvation must have been His will.

* * * * *

Oh! what would I not give to feel once more that peace I have known! Oh! for an entrance into that heart of love where I could repose! My whole heart is wrong, and a temptation such as I have never known besets me daily. I have no power to arise and shake from myself the dust. Prayer seems a mockery, and the heavens brass. My heart filthy and corrupt; and yet, if you were to ask my reigning sin I could not tell you.

Ungrateful worm that I am, I loathe myself, and yet do not amend. Please pray for me, that God will not leave me to my-

self, but remove the mist, give me hearty repentance, and true faith in Christ—the sinner's only hope and refuge.

You may judge how welcome your liberal gift was, when I tell you that I spent during the week, at the druggist's, four dollars and fifty cents. If ever I felt thankful, it was for your assistance; and yet, it caused me pain. I saw through it all, God's goodness, and felt so unworthy of it.

That dear saint, Mrs. F——, has been to see me, She brought me two bed-gowns from Philadelphia, and gave me a dollar and a half. Her kindness has made her dear to my heart.

I hope that yourself, children, and grandchildren are well; also the Misses ——. May God bless you all, and keep you under the shadow of his wing, is the earnest prayer of

Your humble servant,
RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XXXIX.

Baltimore, March 21, 1858.

My dear Friend:—Your kind and sympathizing letter came duly to hand. I hardly know how to thank you. Words seem such *empty things*, compared with what the heart feels, for your generous assistance. Oh! how great the goodness of God to his poor worm!

When I read your letter, I was more sensibly touched than I have been for some time. I felt a tenderness which has long been withheld. I cannot tell how thankful I felt for it. * * *

Truly, as you say, Christ is the sinner's only hope. Oh! that he would grant me the seal of his adoption! That He would give me His Spirit to witness with my spirit that I am his! How I long to serve God once more from love! It is now a slavish fear with which I discharge my duty. I seem to have lost sight of God, *as a God of mercy.*

* * * * *

23d.

My letter is long in being finished. My whole nervous system, from head to foot, has been kept so disturbed, that I could not write. Last night, a feeling of deep remorse came upon me, which wrung my very soul. I fell upon my knees, or rather, on the floor, and felt as if my heart would break with weeping. I was sorry for sin, and mourned the absence of that God I desire to serve and love. Although I feared that my emotion would bring on an attack of my heart, I felt thankful for it, because I knew it must be the work of the Spirit of the living God.

But I am not yet cut loose from earth, and am doubting the purity of my affection for Christ. This doubt is as a sword to my soul. I wonder if there ever was such a prone to evil heart as mine. It seems to me, that of all the enemies we meet on Christian battle-ground, *self is the most potent*. It twines imperceptibly around all our actions, words, desires, and motives; yet when we unmask this enemy, and stand it out in its true colors, nothing has so despicable a visage. Oh! I want power to

sink myself, that Christ may be exalted all in all. Nothing less can satisfy me. The *half-way* Christian will not do for me. If God has not my whole heart, I cannot be happy. Never did I so feel the necessity of Divine strength, never was I so sensible of my own weakness. Oh! I beg that you will pray for me.

Again, I thank you for your kindness. I wish you could know how many *real necessities* it enables me to get. My appetite has quite left me, and what little I can eat costs much more than if I could take that prepared for the table; and (I know not why,) every medicine ordered appears to be of the most expensive kind. This, with many other things, often reduces me so low, that I do not know what to do.

May God bless and reward you.

Your humble servant,
RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XL.

Baltimore, Oct. 17, 1858.

My dear Friend:—Through the superabounding mercy of my heavenly Father, I am again permitted to address you. I feel that it is indeed all of mercy. A most unworthy recipient I feel in my heart of hearts to be. Oh! that I could *so* feel it, as to be kept low at the feet of Jesus. It grieves me to think that my gratitude to a fellow-creature, for favours received, should be more heartfelt than it is to that God who has heaped benefits upon me all my life long. Thank God, all is given for His sake *who is worthy*. Jesus! oh that precious name! what can it not do for us? How can we sink with such a prop? Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!

* * * * *

Though this life be strewn with sorrow and privation, many are the pleasant fruits that we are permitted to taste by the way; and Jesus himself has spread a *feast* for us.

I hope to partake of this (the Holy Communion) on Saturday next.

My dear friend, if you receive this before eleven o'clock on that day, will you join with us at the throne of grace? That is the hour, when *if living*, I shall partake of the rich banquet.

“Himself at birth our friend he made;
Our food at this his festal board.
Himself in death our ransom paid,
Himself in glory, our reward.”

“Do this in remembrance of me,” remembering that He left the homage of angels and archangels, for the revilings and scorn of men: left the throne of heaven for the garden of Gethsemane: the bosom of the Father for the cross of shame! Remembering his death and burial, his resurrection and ascension, his intercession, and all for us!

Oh! wonder of wonders! Oh! mystery of mysteries! Oh! love surpassing the mind of man to conceive! such as could only rest in the bosom of *such a God as our God!* Christ is *just the Saviour the sinner needs*. He came to save the lost, to cure

the sick, to heal the wounded, to release the slave, and to give life unto the dead.

Thank God! the long night has passed, and day has broken over my soul!* What

* It is pleasant to see that the state of "spiritual depression" and gloom which had clouded poor Rachel's mind for some time past, was here graciously dissipated. We could say many things on this subject, for it is a very practical one, but the limits of a note forbid. Suffice it to say, the *great remedy* is to "CONSIDER JESUS." There is consolation in his experience suited to every phase of the Christian course, from the cradle to the grave. But even if Rachel had departed in this state of gloom and depression, it would not in the slightest degree have impaired her acceptance before God: it would only have proved that she was called to have "fellowship in his sufferings," even in death.

Job Throgmorton, a Puritan minister, who was described "as being as holy and as choice a preacher as any in England," is said to have lived thirty-eight years without any comfortable assurance of his spiritual condition. When dying, he addressed the Rev. John Dol—"What will you say of him who is going out of the world, and can find no comfort?" What will *you* say of him," replied Mr. Dol, "who, when he was going out of the world, found no comfort, but cried, '*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*'" This prompt reply administered consolation to the troubled spirit of his dying friend, who departed within an hour after, *rejoicing in the Lord.*"

sorrow like unto that sorrow which extorts the cry, "Where is He whom my soul loveth?" I believe that the sensible presence of my God and Saviour were never so precious as now, after long months of seeming absence. Oh! those were months of deeper anguish than I thought a mortal could endure, and retain reason. I am sure that I love God all the better for what I have passed through; but oh! may it please my dear Saviour to spare me such another season! Had ever any one such abundant cause to be thankful that Christ is our *Intercessor* as I?

* * * * *

I keep very poorly indeed. I was in agony all yesterday, and last night, with my cancer and back, but this evening I am better. My heart and breast are also very bad. These things make me constantly feel on what a little thread my life hangs. I have not quite overcome the fear of sudden death; but I know that God will do right, and take me home in the *best*, because in *His own way*. I desire to have no choice, but leave everything with Him.

May God's blessing rest upon you and yours.

Your humble servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XLI.

Baltimore, Oct. 21, 1858.

My dear Friend:—I write now, that you may know that your gift came safely to hand. For *two days*, I had been laying my temporal wants before my God, and He answered my cry (as he has often done before) through yourself. Unless you were placed just in my condition, (which God forbid you or any of yours ever should be,) you could not realize how heavy my expenses are: but all things are in the hands of Him who will send relief when He sees best. I think that I never was so severely tried, as during last August. I was very much straightened, and knit a tidy for a friend. She took it; but although she knew well how intensely I suffered while

making it, she never paid me for it. I then concluded to write to a very dear friend and state my condition. To do this cost me no little struggle; but my letter remains unanswered. This was the second time that I had asked help; but indeed, let my condition be what it may, I do not think that I will ever speak of it again to any one. Oh! you do not know how much rather I would lie here and work. There is nothing so painful as to have to speak of my wants.

Pardon me for having said so much upon this subject. If you see Mr. —, tell him I would like very much to have another letter from him: his letters are so profitable.

I am glad that you spent such a pleasant summer. I have long wished to see the Falls. I think it must have an ennobling influence on the mind to behold that great display of God's handiwork, wisdom, and power. If we look at a tiny blade of grass, how much we see of His greatness! What then must it be to look upon those mighty waters, which could toss man about as a pebble? Yet, *that pebble is the master-piece*

(if I may so speak) of God's workmanship, and cost the blood of his dear Son!

I am sorry that your cousin is so ill. I hope that she knows where to find rest of mind, if not of body; and that she is able to love and welcome the hand of her Father, though it shake the frail tenement down. I trust that she hears the voice of Jesus, saying, "Fear not, it is I!" and feels that *all things*, even this, shall work for her good. * * *



LETTER XLII.

Baltimore, Nov. 30, 1858.

My dear Friend:—You should have heard from your great debtor before this, but I have been too ill to write. I have had the most severe spell with my heart that I have ever known. * * *

I do not think that my outward appearance changes much, except that I am getting very thin; but I know that disease is increasing greatly, and my sufferings are so severe, that my flesh from head to foot is sore. I feel that my time is drawing to a close, and my physician, also, thinks that I cannot last much longer.

If suffering in itself could purify the soul, how pure mine would be! but to do so, *it must be sanctified*. It is among the “*all things*” which “shall work together for our good.” It is the discipline meted out by a kind and indulgent Father.

I have often thought how great the love must be, which causes that God, who so

delights in mercy, to send us suffering when He sees we need the stroke! There is no position so painful, but there is more mercy than pain in it: more to *praise for*, than to *complain of*. I am slow to learn these precious lessons. Oh! that I may have grace to bear all, as becomes one professing to follow the meek and lowly Jesus." Glory to God! they are only for *this life*: they cannot follow us to perfect rest. * * *

It is a poor love indeed, that cannot bear a burden: especially for Him who suffered for us unto death. We talk of love—where are its fruits? We call God, Father—where is His honour? We call Him, King—where our loyalty?

May he make me to love Him indeed! He is my shield and hiding-place; my covert from the storm; my sure defence; my high tower; and *what is he not?* There is *nothing* that can make us happy, which we cannot find in Christ. Blessed be his name! he will bring us home to his heavenly kingdom, seat us at his own right hand, and put on our heads the crown of glory.

“How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives,
From Christ, my exalted Head.”

There is no death to the Christian. When these clay walls succumb to the blast, we do but enter into life eternal.

I do hope that yourself and family enjoy good health, and that you daily find the bright image of your Saviour sinking deeper into your soul. Oh! that God would bless you and yours, and at last bring you all to His heavenly kingdom, is the prayer of

Your humble servant,

RACHEL W. GREEN.

LETTER XLIII.*

Baltimore, Jan. 1, 1859.

My dear Friend:—I thank you for your kind letter and generous assistance. I would indeed be ungrateful, not to pray for you, while I have the power, even if it were not a pleasure; and I feel quite sure, that the time is not long, before my prayers will be exchanged for praise; faith for sight; and hope for full fruition.

I cannot express the suffering which I am called on to endure. I thank God that I do not use the word *endure*, *unmeaningly*, for I am enabled in a good degree to “*endure*, as seeing Him who is invisible.” I cannot draw a breath, without intense suffering. To breathe, is like tearing out breast, back, shoulders and side. I can speak but little. I feel like one standing before a cannon blindfolded, expecting every moment that it will be fired; but thank God! my mind is calm and peaceful.

* From a notice in one of the public papers of Baltimore, we found that she died almost immediately after writing this, her last letter.

What can we not bear with a saving interest in Christ? I would not, if I could, exchange it for a strong and active life of one thousand years with the wealth of the world at my command.

To know that when death comes we shall see Jesus face to face; and be out of the reach of sin and Satan; where nothing defiled or defiling can ever enter,—should be enough to set the soul on fire with desire to depart.

* * * * *

This was the last letter received from this pilgrim saint. Enclosed in it, was a slip of paper on which these words were written, “*Good-bye, I am going home.*”

“Hark they whisper, angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!”

Rachel in Heaven.

Perfect Day! —————

“And *now* in his eternal presence blest,
She at his feet her crown immortal casts,
And gladly owns, with all his *ransomed* saints,
‘*Himself hath done it!*’—all from first to last.”

Glory

BE TO THE FATHER; AND TO THE SON,

AND

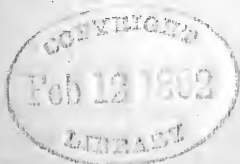
TO THE HOLY GHOST;

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING,

IS NOW,

AND EVER SHALL BE, WORLD WITHOUT END.

Amen and Amen.









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